

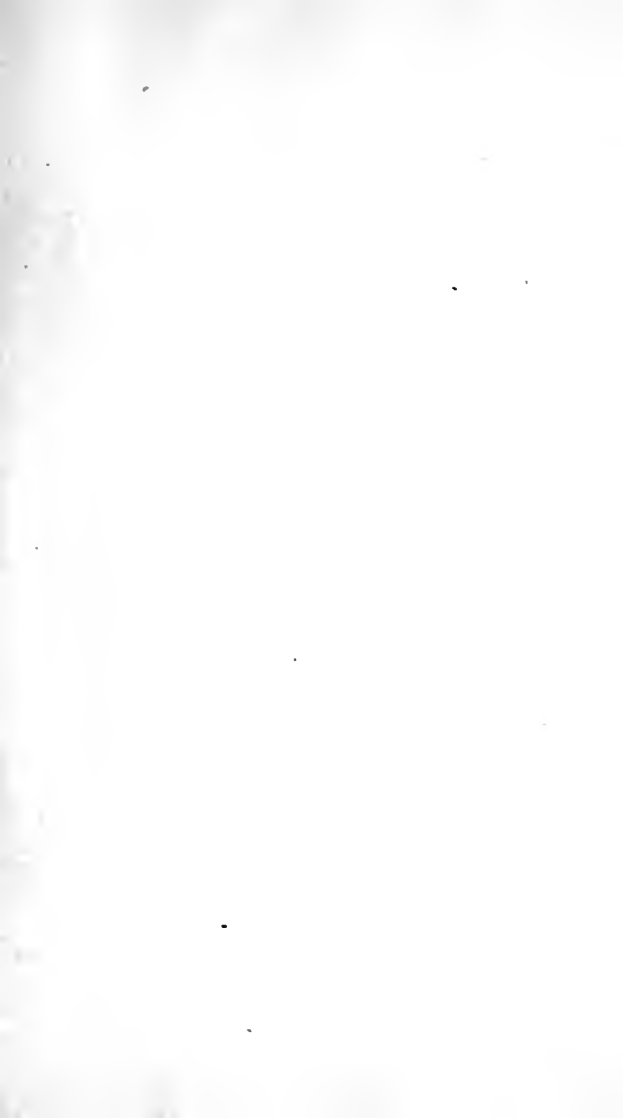


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# JULY

EDITED BY

OSCAR FAY ADAMS

HIGH midsummer has come, midsummer mute  
Of song, but rich to scent and sight.  
The sun is high in heaven, the skies are bright  
And full to blessedness.

LEWIS MORRIS.

*The Ode of Life.*

BOSTON

D. LOTHROP AND COMPANY

FRANKLIN AND HAWLEY STREETS

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## PREFACE.

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OF the summer months July has always been the one most favored of the poets, who have never tired of singing the praises of midsummer. It is the floodtide of the year. The freshness of early summer has passed, it is true ; but what June promised July fulfils. Not yet has come the chill at eventide that in late summer hints faintly, but none the less surely, of autumn and the fading leaf. The brooks are not yet dried in their courses. It is "the time when lilies blow," the harvest is near at hand, and it is high midsummer. Like its predecessors in this series, *July* lays no claim to exhaustive presentation of the subject ; but that a fairly complete picture of midsummer is given in its pages the editor is quite sure.

Mrs. Alice Wellington Rollins, whose infrequent poems never fail to please, contributes to this volume a notable lyric, "In July." Miss Helen Gray Cone's sonnet, "A July Noon," and Mr. James Newton Matthews' "July in the West," have likewise been generously contributed.

Messrs. D. Lothrop and Company gratefully acknowledge, in this place, the courtesy of their brother publishers in regard to many copyright poems here printed.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., June 23, 1886.

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## REXFORD, EREN EUGENE.

Born in Johnsbury, Warren County, New York, July 16, 1848.

A July Day . . . . . 7

## ROBINSON, AGNES MARY FRANCES.

Born in Leamington, Warwickshire, England, February 27, 1857.

Fireflies . . . . . 92

ROBINSON, MRS. ANNIE DOUGLAS [GREEN].

Born in Plymouth, New Hampshire, January 12, 1842.

Midsummer . . . . . 136

ROLLINS, MRS. ALICE MARLAND [WELLINGTON].

Born in Boston, Massachusetts, June 12, 1847.

In July . . . . . 45

ROPES, ARTHUR REED.

Born in London, England, December 23, 1859.

In the Hammock . . . . . 50

ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA GEORGINA.

Born in London, England, December 5, 1830.

Summer . . . . . 131

SARGENT, EPES.

Born in Gloucester, Massachusetts, September 27, 1812.

Died in Boston, Massachusetts, December 30, 1880.

Midsummer in the City . . . . . 94

SAXTON, ANDREW BICE.

Born in Middlefield, New York, April 5, 1856.

Midsummer . . . . . 123

SCOLLARD, CLINTON.

Born in Clinton, New York, September 18, 1860.

Amid the Wheat . . . . . 42

Grass . . . . . 73

In Greenwood Glen . . . . . 90

## SCOTT, JOHN.

Born in London, England, January 9, 1730.

Died in London, England, December 12, 1783.

On a July Morning . . . . . 91

## SCOTT, SIR WALTER.

Born in Edinburgh, August 15, 1771.

Died at Abbotsford, September 21, 1832.

Summer Dawn on Loch Katrine . . . . . 97

## SEYMOUR, CAROLINE.

Born in the United States, 18—.

Midsummer . . . . . 99

## SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM.

Born in Stratford-on-Avon, April 23, 1564.

Died in Stratford-on-Avon, April 23, 1616.

Flowers of Middle Summer . . . . . 12

## SHEPHERD, NATHAN G.

Born in —?

Died in the United States, *circa* 1875.

Midsummer . . . . . 81

## SHERMAN, FRANK DEMPSTER.

Born in Peekskill, New York, May 6, 1860.

Bacchus . . . . . 28

From Dawn to Dusk . . . . . 53

## SINGLETON, MRS. MARY MONTGOMERIE [LAMB].

Born in England, 18—.

A Rainy Summer . . . . . 45

SPENSER, EDMUND.

Born in London, England, *circa* 1553.

Died in London, England, January 15, 1599.

July . . . . . 80

STEDMAN, EDMUND CLARENCE.

Born in Hartford, Connecticut, October 8, 1833.

Summer Rain . . . . . 126

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS.

Born in Edinburgh, Scotland, 1850.

Bed in Summer . . . . . 101

SWETT, SUSAN HARTLEY.

Born in Brewer, Maine, 18—.

July . . . . . 2

SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES.

Born in London, England, April 5, 1837.

Love in a Mist . . . . . 135

TENNYSON, ALFRED.

Born in Somersby, Lincolnshire, England, August 5, 1809.

The Grasshopper . . . . . 125.

In Summer Night . . . . . 111

Sweet after Showers . . . . . 107

The Blackbird . . . . . 116

TENNYSON-TURNER, CHARLES.

Born in Somersby, Lincolnshire, England, July 4, 1808.

Died in Cheltenham, England, April 25, 1879.

In Summer Eve . . . . . 54

## THAXTER, MRS. CELIA [LAUGHTON].

Born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, June 29, 1835.

Midsummer Midnight . . . . . 74

## THAYER, WILLIAM ROSCOE.

Born in Boston, Massachusetts, January 16, 1859.

Midsummer . . . . . 121

## THOMSON, JAMES.

Born in Ednam, Roxburghshire, Scotland, September 11, 1700.

Died in New Lane, near Richmond, England, August 27, 1748.

Short is the Doubtful Empire of the Night . . . 5

## THOREAU, HENRY DAVID.

Born in Concord, Massachusetts, July 12, 1817.

Died in Concord, Massachusetts, May 6, 1862.

Haze . . . . . 119

## TODHUNTER, JOHN.

Born in Dublin, Ireland, December 29, 1839.

A July Night . . . . . 79

A Summer Night . . . . . 82

## TOWNSHEND, CHAUNCEY HARE.

Born in England, 1798.

Died in London, England, February 25, 1868.

July . . . . . 39

## TROWBRIDGE, JOHN TOWNSEND.

Born in Ogden, New York, September 18, 1827.

Midsummer . . . . . 31



WHITE, WALTER.

Born in Great Britain, 181-.

To a Grasshopper . . . . . 103

WHITMAN, MRS. SARAH HELEN [POWER].

Born in Providence, Rhode Island, January 19, 1803.

Died in Providence, Rhode Island, June 27, 1878.

After the Summer Storm . . . . . 77

WILDE, OSCAR FINGALL O'FLAHERTIE WILLS.

Born in Dublin, Ireland, October 16, 1855.

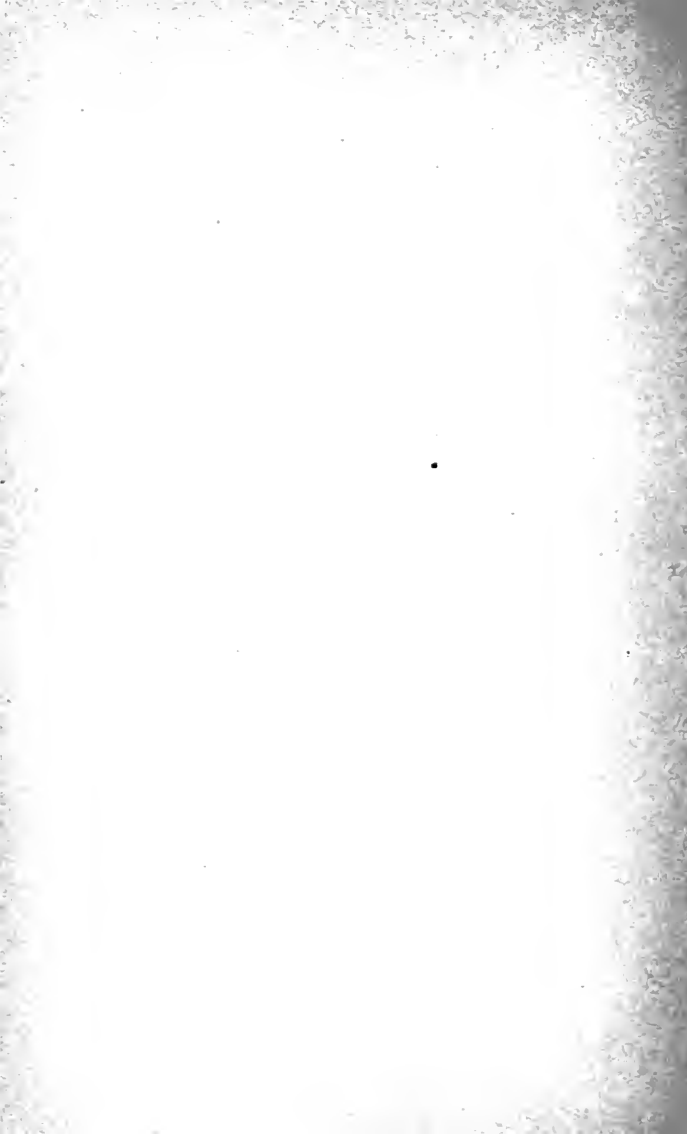
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**JULY.**

## THE SUCCESSION OF THE FOUR SWEET MONTHS.

*First, April, she with mellow showers  
Opens the way for early flowers ;  
Then after her comes smiling May,  
In a more rich and sweet array ;  
Next enters June, and brings us more  
Gems than those two that went before ;  
Then, lastly, July comes, and she  
More wealth brings in than all those three.*

ROBERT HERRICK.

# JULY.

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## *IN YOUNG JULY.*

THE sun hangs calm at summer's poise ;  
The earth lies bathed in shimmering noon,  
At rest from all her cheerful noise,  
With heartstrings silently in tune.

The time, how beautiful and dear,  
When early fruits begin to blush,  
And the full leafage of the year  
Sways o'er them with a sheltering hush!

The clouds that fleck the warm, blue deep  
Like shoals of tinted fishes float ;  
From breathless groves the birds asleep  
Send now and then a dreaming note.

LUCY LARCOM.

*Thirty-five.*

## JULY.

WHEN the scarlet cardinal tells  
Her dream to the dragon fly,  
And the lazy breeze makes a nest in the trees,  
And murmurs a lullaby,  
It is July.

When the tangled cobweb pulls  
The cornflower's cap awry,  
And the lilies tall lean over the wall  
To bow to the butterfly,  
It is July.

When the heat like a mist veil floats,  
And poppies flame in the rye,  
And the silver note in the streamlet's throat  
Has softened almost to a sigh,  
It is July.

When the hours are so still that time  
Forgets them, and lets them lie  
'Neath petals pink till the night stars wink  
At the sunset in the sky,  
It is July.

When each finger-post by the way  
Says that Slumbertown is nigh ;  
When the grass is tall, and the roses fall,  
And nobody wonders why,  
It is July.

SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

SHALL NOT JULY BRING FRESH  
DELIGHT.

ORPHEUS.

SHALL not July bring fresh delight,  
As underneath green trees ye sit,  
And o'er some damsel's body white  
The noontide shadows change and flit?

THE SIRENS.

No new delight July shall bring  
But ancient fear and fresh desire,  
And, spite of every lovely thing,  
Of July surely shall ye tire.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

*The Life and Death of Jason.*

SUMMER MORNING.

WITH song of birds and hum of bees,  
And odorous breath of swinging flowers,  
With fluttering herbs and swaying trees,  
Begin the early morning hours.

The warm tide of the southern air  
Swims round, with gentle rise and fall,  
And, burning through a golden glare,  
The sun looks broadly over all.

*SUMMER NOON IN THE WOODS.*

So fair and fresh the landscape stands,  
So vital, so beyond decay,  
It looks as though God's shaping hands  
Had just been raised and drawn away.

The holy baptism of the rain  
Yet lingers, like a special grace ;  
For I can see an aureole plain  
About the world's transfigured face.

The moments come in dreamy bliss,  
In dreamy bliss they pause and pass :  
It seems not hard, on days like this,  
Dear Lord, to lie beneath the grass !

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.  
*The Book of the Dead.*

*SUMMER NOON IN THE WOODS.*

BETWEEN thin fingers of the pine  
The fluid gold of sunlight slips,  
And through the tamarack's grey-green fringe  
Upon the level birch leaves drips.

Through all the still moist forest air  
Slow trickles down the soft warm sheen,  
And flecks the branching wood of ferns  
With tender tints of pallid green,



To rest where close to moldered trunks  
The red and purple berries lie,  
Where tiny jungles of the moss  
Their tropic forest rear on high.

Fast, fast asleep the woodland rests,  
Stirs not the tamarack's topmost sheaf,  
And slow the subtle sunlight glides  
With noiseless step from leaf to leaf.

SAMUEL WEIR MITCHELL  
*Noonday Woods.*

SHORT IS THE DOUBTFUL EMPIRE OF  
THE NIGHT.

SHORT is the doubtful empire of the night ;  
And soon, observant of approaching day,  
The meek-eyed morn appears, mother of dews,  
At first faint gleaming in the dappled east,  
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow,  
And, from before the lustre of her face,  
White break the clouds away. With quickened step  
Brown night retires. Young day pours in apace,  
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.  
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,  
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.  
Blue, through the dust, the smoking currents shine ;  
And from the bladed field the fearful hare  
Limps, awkward ; while along the forest glade

The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze  
At early passenger. Music awakes,  
The native voice of undissembled joy;  
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.

JAMES THOMSON.  
*The Seasons.*

*A MIDSUMMER NIGHT.*

THE night is solemn, — hushed with quiet deep;  
Scarce breaks the silence, save where in the grass,  
Chirping their music, such as charmeth sleep,  
A myriad of wakeful insects pass.

The air is heavy with the perfume sweet  
From roses in the garden; there's a low  
Soft rustle as the trees the zephyrs greet,  
While flocks of feathery moths flit to and fro.

On such a night as this the fairy queen  
Titania, with her merry band of sprites,  
Her court has held within some sylvan scene  
Like that which now the luminous firefly lights.

The beauteous moon, fair guardian of sleep,  
Will cease ere long her vigils for the night,  
And leave bright Lucifer his watch to keep  
Within the dotted firmament of light.

But list! From yonder wood, — across the brook  
Which glistening moves with dull and noiseless  
flow,

And winds its way with many a curious crook  
Through meads now dusk and fertile fields below;

From out the deepness of yon wooded nook,  
Where shadows lurk in darkness brooding still,  
There comes a sound no weary heart could brook,  
The sad yet gay note of the whippoorwill.

Ah, bird of mystic song! what is thy tale?  
Doth joy or sorrow burden all thy theme?  
Too oft our founts of pleasure do but fail;  
Too often cares prove but a fancied dream.

GEORGE CHINN.

*A JULY DAY.*

IN idle mood, this happy day,  
I let the moments drift away;  
I lie among the tangled grass  
And watch the crinkling billows pass  
O'er seas of clover. Like a tide  
That sets across the meadow wide,  
The crimson-crested ripples run  
From isles of shade to shores of sun;  
And one white lily seems to be  
A sail upon this summer sea,

Blown northward, bringing me, to-day,  
A fragrant freight from far Cathay.

Low as the wind that waves the rose  
In gardens where the poppy grows,  
And sweet as bells heard far away,  
A robin sings his song to-day;  
Sings softly, by his hidden nest,  
A little roundelay of rest;  
And as the wind his dwelling swings  
He dreams his dream of unfledged wings,  
While, blending with his song, I hear  
A brook's low babble, somewhere near.

A glory wraps the hills, and seems  
To weave an atmosphere of dreams  
About the mountain's kingly crest  
As sinks the sun adown the west.  
Earth seems to sit with folded hands  
In peace he only understands  
Who has no care, no vain regret,  
No sorrow he would fain forget,  
And like a child upon her breast  
I lie, this happy day, and rest.

The "green things growing" whisper me  
Of many an earth-old mystery;  
Of blossoms hiding in the mold,  
And what the acorn-cups enfold;  
Of life unseen by eyes too dim  
To look through Nature up to Him

Who writes the poem of the year  
For human heart, and eye, and ear.

O summer day, surpassing fair,  
With hints of heaven in earth and air,  
Not long I keep you in my hold —  
The book is closed — the tale is told.  
The valley fills with amber mist;  
The sky is gold and amethyst.  
Soft, soft and low, and silver clear  
The robin's vesper hymn I hear,  
And see the stars lit, one by one.  
The happy summer day is done.

EBEN EUGENE REXFORD.

*DEVELOPMENT.*

DROOPING and draggled, reft and torn,  
By every bold, uprising hill,  
The mist seemed like a thing forlorn  
Without consistency or will.  
But, in an hour, behold a change;  
Carved into pure and billowy grace  
By mountain winds, that westward range,  
It floats a snowy cloud through space;  
Soft smiles the summer sky above,  
Deep blue the river runs below,  
And mirrors back, with answering love,  
The mist, transformed to beauty now.

SUSAN LOUISA HIGGINSON.

## VACATION SONG.

I HAVE closed my books and hidden my slate  
And thrown my satchel across the gate.  
My school is out for a season of rest,  
And now for the schoolroom I love the best.

My schoolroom lies on the meadow wide,  
Where under the clover the sunbeams hide,  
Where the long vines cling to the mossy bars,  
And the daisies twinkle like fallen stars ;

Where clusters of buttercups gild the scene,  
Like showers of gold-dust thrown over the green,  
And the winds' flying footsteps are traced, as they  
    pass,  
By the dance of the sorrel and dip of the grass.

My lessons are written in clouds and trees,  
And no one whispers, except the breeze,  
Who sometimes blows, from a secret place,  
A stray, sweet blossom against my face.

My schoolbell rings in the rippling stream  
Which hides itself, like a schoolboy's dream,  
Under the shadow and out of sight,  
But laughing still for its own delight.

My schoolmates there are the birds and bees,  
And the saucy squirrel, more dull than these,

For he only learns, in all the weeks,  
How many chestnuts will fill his cheeks.

My teacher is patient, and never yet  
A lesson of hers did I once forget,  
For wonderful lore do her lips impart,  
And all her lessons are learned by heart.

O, come ! O, come ! or we shall be late,  
And autumn will fasten the golden gate.  
Of all the schoolrooms in east or west  
The school of Nature I love the best.

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

*THE SUNFLOWER.*

TILL the slow daylight pale,  
A willing slave, fast bound to one above,  
I wait ; he seems to speed, and change, and fail ;  
I know he will not move.

I lift my golden orb  
To his, unsmitten when the roses die,  
And in my broad and burning disk absorb  
The splendors of his eye.

His eye is like a clear  
Keen flame that searches through me ; I must  
droop

Upon my stalk, I cannot reach his sphere ;  
To mine he cannot stoop.

I win not my desire,  
And yet I fail not of my guerdon, lo !  
A thousand flickering darts and tongues of fire  
Around me spread and glow ;

All rayed and crowned, I miss  
No queenly state until the summer wane,  
The hours flit by ; none knoweth of my bliss,  
And none has guessed my pain ;

I follow one above,  
I track the shadow of his steps, I grow  
Most like to him I love  
Of all that shines below.

DORA GREENWELL

*FLOWERS OF MIDDLE SUMMER.*

. . . HERE's flowers for you,  
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram ;  
The marigold that goes to bed with the sun,  
And with him rises weeping ; these are flowers  
Of middle summer.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE  
*The Winter's Tale.*



*THANKS FOR A SUMMER'S DAY.*

THE time so tranquil is and clear,  
That nowhere shall ye find,  
Save on a high and barren hill,  
An air of passing wind.

All trees and simples, great and small,  
That balmy leaf do bear,  
Than they were painted on a wall,  
No more they move or stir.

The ships becalmed upon the seas,  
Hang up their sails to dry ;  
The herds beneath the leafy trees,  
Among the flowers they lie.

Great is the calm, for everywhere  
The wind is settling down :  
The smoke goes upright in the air,  
From every tower and town.

What pleasure, then, to walk and see,  
Along a river clear,  
The perfect form of every tree  
Within the deep appear :

The bells and circles on the waves,  
From leaping of the trout ;  
The salmon from their creels and caves  
Come gliding in and out.

O sure it were a seemly thing,  
 While all is still and calm,  
 The praise of God to play and sing,  
 With trumpet and with shalm!

All laborers draw home at even,  
 And can to others say,  
 "Thanks to the gracious God of Heaven  
 Who sent this summer day."

ALEXANDER HUME.

### A JULY FERN LEAF.

Mors aurem vellens, ' *Vivite!* ' ait, ' *Venio.* '

WHITE feet in the fairy fern,  
 Quick wings in a chrysolite sky,  
 And an amethyst lamp in the west to burn,  
 When the cool dusk hours for which lovers yearn  
 Pass in sweet silence by :  
 Over summer seas  
 Thou bringest these  
 Hither, July.

Stern hours have the merciless Fates  
 Plotted for all who die :  
 But looking down upon Richmond's aits,  
 Where the merles sing low to their amorous mates,  
 Who cares to ask them why?

We'll have wit, love, wine,  
Ere thy days divine  
    Wither, July.

For the blossom of youth must fade,  
    And the vigor of life must fly ;  
Yet to-day is ours with its odorous shade,  
And the loving eyes which soon betrayed  
    Dreams in the heart that lie.  
Swift life's stream flows,  
But alas ! who knows  
    Whither, July.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

*JULY DAWNING.*

WE left the city, street and square,  
    With lamp lights glimmering through and through,  
And turned us toward the suburb, where,  
    Full from the east, the fresh wind blew.

One cloud stood overhead the sun,  
    A glorious trail of dome and spire,  
The last star flickered, and was gone ;  
    The first lark led the morning choir.

Wet was the grass beneath our tread,  
    Thick-dewed the bramble by the way ;  
The lichen had a lovelier red,  
    The elderflower a fairer grey.

And there was silence on the land,  
Save when, from out the city's fold,  
Stricken by time's remorseless wand  
A bell across the morning tolled !

The beeches sighed through all their boughs,  
The gusty pennons of the pine  
Swayed in a melancholy drowse,  
But with a motion sternly fine.

One gable, full against the sun,  
Flooded the garden space beneath  
With spices, sweet as cinnamon,  
From all its honeysuckled breath.

Then crew the cocks from echoing farms,  
The chimney tops were plumed with smoke,  
The windmill shook its slanted arms,  
The sun was up, the country woke !

And voices sounded mid the trees  
Of orchards red with burning leaves,  
By thick hives sentineled by bees,  
From fields which promised tented sheaves ;

Till the day waxed into excess,  
And on the misty rounding grey,  
One vast, fantastic wilderness,  
The glowing roofs of London lay.

*A MIDSUMMER SONG.*

O FATHER's gone to market town, he was up before  
the day,  
And Jamie's after robins, and the man is making hay,  
And whistling down the hollow goes the boy that  
minds the mill,  
While mother from the kitchen door is calling with  
a will,  
"Polly! — Polly! — The cows are in the corn!  
Oh where's Polly?"

From all the misty morning there comes a summer  
sound,  
A murmur as of waters from skies and trees and  
ground.  
The birds they sing upon the wing, the pigeons bill  
and coo,  
And over hill and hollow rings again the loud  
halloo:  
"Polly! — Polly! — The cows are in the corn!  
Oh where's Polly?"

Above the trees the honey-bees swarm by with buzz  
and boom,  
And in the field and garden a thousand blossoms  
bloom.  
Within the farmer's meadow a brown-eyed daisy  
blows,  
And down at the edge of the hollow a red and thorny  
rose.

But Polly! — Polly! — The cows are in the corn!  
Oh where's Polly?

How strange at such a time of day the mill should  
stop its clatter!

The farmer's wife is listening now and wonders  
what's the matter.

Oh wild the birds are singing in the wood and on  
the hill,

While whistling up the hollow goes the boy that  
minds the mill.

But Polly! — Polly! — The cows are in the corn!  
Oh where's Polly?

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

*WHEN SUMMER EVEN SOFTLY DIES.*

WHEN summer even softly dies,  
When summer winds are free,  
A thousand lamps, a thousand eyes,  
Shall glimmer in the sea:  
O look, how large, behind, below,  
The lucid creatures glance and glow!  
They strew with soft and fiery foam  
Her streaming way from home to home.

. . . . .  
FREDERIC WILLIAM HENRY MYERS.

## JULY.

AN Eastern mistress whom her lord doth keep,  
Dark-tressed, rose-cheeked, in blissful indolence,  
With languorous eyes and low-voiced blandish-  
ments

So veils her passion that it seems asleep;  
But hid from sight the fountain lieth deep,  
Fed to the full by all the rills of sense,  
And if unloosed 'twill flood its frail defence,  
One stormy moment in a torrent sweep,  
Then sink as still as though 't had slept for aye.

Thus with July, the summer's leman-love;  
Rose-gardens glow; the green of field and grove  
Is swarthy-bright. What hoarded fire the day  
Hides 'neath those slumberous clouds! A touch  
will move

Their calm to rage; a flash! they melt away.

HENRY GAY HEWLETT.  
*An English Year.*

## WILLOW SONG.

WILLOW! in thy breezy moan,  
I can hear a deeper tone;  
Through thy leaves come whispering low  
Faint sweet sounds of long ago.

Willow, sighing willow!

Many a mournful tale of old  
 Heart-sick love to thee hath told,  
 Gathering from thy golden bough  
 Leaves to cool his burning brow.

Willow, sighing willow !

Many a swan-like song to thee  
 Hath been sung, thou gentle tree !  
 Many a lute its last lament  
 Down thy moonlight stream hath sent :

Willow, sighing willow !

Therefore, wave and murmur on !  
 Sigh for sweet affections gone,  
 And for tuneful voices fled,  
 And for love, whose heart hath bled,

Ever, willow, willow !

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA [BROWNE] HEMANS.

### JULY.

Hot July thereafter rages,  
 Dog-star smitten, wild with heat ;  
 Fierce as pard the hunter cages,  
 Hot July thereafter rages.  
 Traffic now no more engages ;  
 Tongues are still in stall and street.

HENRY AUSTIN DOBSON.

*The Masque of the Months.*



*A JULY DAY.*

TO-DAY the sun has steadfast been and clear.

No wind has marred the spell of hushful heat,  
But, with the twilight, comes a rush and beat  
Of ghost-like wings; the sky turns grey and drear,  
The trees are stricken with a sudden fear.

O wind forlorn, that sayeth nothing sweet,  
With what foreboding message dost thou greet  
The dearest month but one of all the year?

Ah, now it seems I catch the moan of seas

Whose boundaries are pale regions of dismay,  
Where sad-eyed people wander without ease;

I see in thought that lamentable array,  
And surely hear about the dying day  
Recorded dooms and mournful prophecies.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

*THE SUMMER, O THE SUMMER.*

THE Summer, O the Summer!

Who does not know it well?

When the ringdoves coo the long day through,  
And the bee refills his cell.

When the swish of the mower is heard at morn,  
And we all in the woods go roaming,  
And waiting is over, and love is born,  
And shy lips meet in the gloaming;  
In the Summer, ripening Summer!

ALFRED AUSTIN.

*A JULY SERENADE.*

Down by the mill, down by the mill,  
 Through all the summer hours,  
 There they grew and grew and grew  
 Red and white and purple and blue,  
 My beautiful, beautiful flowers !  
 Down by the water, bright and still  
 Set like sentinels round the mill,  
 My beautiful, beautiful flowers !

There they grew and there they stood  
 Together, two and two ;  
 And some had hearts like a drop of blood,  
 And some like a drop of dew ;  
 Down by the mill, down by the mill,  
 Through all the summer hours,  
 There they swung and there they swayed,  
 Like spots of sunshine over the shade ;  
 And over the waters, cold and still,  
 My beautiful, beautiful flowers !

. . . . .  
 O to see them bloom and blush  
 Was the sweetest show of shows !  
 The daisy under the lilac-bush,  
 And the violet by the rose !  
 Down by the mill, down by the mill,  
 Through all the summer hours,  
 Some so high and some so low,  
 But all as fair as fair can grow,

Down by the water, bright and still,  
My beautiful, beautiful flowers !

O the little maid of the mill,  
That dazzles and deceives,  
With a head as bright as the daffodil,  
And a hand like the lily leaves,  
She it is that makes them grow  
Through all the summer hours ;  
They with cloaks of speckled dyes,  
And they with hoods about their eyes.  
Meek and modest and high and low ;  
She can tell, if tell she will,  
Why they dazzle down by the mill,  
My beautiful, beautiful flowers !

ALICE CARY.  
*A Lover's Diary.*

## SUMMER NOON.

EARTH spirit, thou dost love a windless sky,  
And the deep silence of the heated noon,  
When little breezes scarce go wandering by,  
And summer's spell has charmed the robin's tune.

Great potency of Nature now has thrilled  
Into the fibres of thy languid frame ;  
Mandragora and poppy, twice distilled,  
Rise like a vapor to thy drowsy brain.

When tired mowers seek a friendly shade  
Off to the tumbled meadows thou dost hie ;  
On clover pillows leans thy heavy head,  
And perfumes steal from where the windrows lie.

A burning haze has veiled the grassy land ;  
The sun's remorseless tides are pouring down ;  
A naked blade whirled in a mighty hand  
Flashes the jewels of thy queenly crown.

The laden bee drones in thy heedless ear ;  
The cicada sings, loving well the heat ;  
The priestly cricket, though none heed or hear,  
His *Benedictus* chants amid the wheat.

No leaflet trembles on the tangled hedge,  
The fern droops hidden in its mossy nook ;  
A dragon's breath has scorched the plummy sedge,  
And e'en the wild rose faints beside the brook.

Now shadows gather on broad-breasted hills,  
Where the dim pines and feathered larches lean ;  
And dewy evening freshness soft distills  
From hidden depths, and from the noiseless  
stream.

Arise, earth spirit, and shake off thy swoon,  
Drunk with the sunshine as with fervid wine ;  
Arise, and free thee from the heated noon,  
And in thy locks bind rose and eglantine !

See where she moves across the meadow plain,  
With waving robe that freshens all the flowers !  
A sense of dew, a breath of tender rain,  
Brings thoughts of sea wind and of dropping  
showers.

About her steps the little breezes curl,  
And fledgelings try their new, untutored wings ;  
In airy dance the swallows skim and whirl,  
And the shy evening songster sweetly sings.  
AUGUSTA LARNED.

*SUMMER MIDNIGHT.*

FAR heard, and faintly, over wood and hill,  
Twelve slow vibrations from the village chime  
Ruffle the gracious calm. Oh, rare the skill  
That gave so sweet a voice to iron Time !

The airs are gentle as the breath of sleep ;  
They are no more than wingèd souls of flowers,  
Lured forth by night from hedgy coverts deep,  
Where drowsily they shunned the glaring hours.

The moon is up. Now this were time to see  
All delicate shy things that haunt the wood :  
The mild-eyed fauns, the nymphs of stream and  
tree :  
King Oberon and all his fairy brood.

Now from the folded curtain of each flower  
Small visages should peer upon the moon,  
To note if it be yet the charmed hour  
To trace the ring and chant the magic rune.

What low, delicious sound was that far borne  
From the obscure recesses of the glen?  
Was it the fanfare of an elfin horn,  
Or restless bird that trilled and slept again?

Is that the brook's bland gurgle in the sedge,  
Or flag-wreathed naiads by the osiered stream,  
Laving their white limbs from the oozy edge,  
Or diving where the minnows dart and gleam?

There is a rustle in the thicket screen!  
Is it a frightened hare that starts and flies,  
Or stealthy-footed faun that peers between  
The interwoven vines with shy surmise?

'Twere hardly a surprise if from the shades  
Pan came, and, marshalling his merry crew,  
Piped to their dancing in the moonlit glades,  
Timing with horny hoof and wild halloo.

O for the fervor of a Doric prayer,  
A Runic spell, or secret Druid rite,  
To call the forest-haunters from their lair  
And charm the elfin companies to sight!

For Pan sits in some beechen coppice near,  
Throned on the turf amongst his bearded brood;

Piping in undertones we may not hear,  
Or, hearing, deem them voices of the wood.

The fauns lurk in their ivied dens unseen,  
The naiads cower near the reeded rill;  
The viewless fairies dance upon the green,  
The oreads slumber on the russet hill.

CHARLES LOTIN HILDRETH.

*A JULY NOON.*

THE sumachs, noiseless, by the still, hot road  
Stand up as guards, with blood-red soldier plumes.  
How light the hill-blue, clear of cloudy glooms!  
How lone the land, with summer overflowed!  
Dry crickets grate; a bee takes larger load  
With low, pleased muttering, where the wild-rose  
blooms;

The bovine breath of sleeping fields perfumes  
Warm air, with drifts of wayside spicery sowed.  
Good earth, how glad a thing it is to be  
Part of this full, yet placid life of thine,  
Close to thy heart as humblest creatures press!  
To claim our kinship with the clod, — resign,  
One sunny hour, the spiritual stress  
That leads, though lifts, our lives away from thee!

HELEN GRAY CONE.

*BACCHUS.*

LISTEN to the tawny thief,  
Hid behind the waxen leaf,  
Growling at his fairy host,  
Bidding her with angry boast  
Fill his cup with wine distilled  
From the dew that dawn has spilled;  
Stored away in golden casks  
Is the precious draught he asks.

Who — who makes this mimic din  
In this mimic meadow inn,  
Sings in such a drowsy note,  
Wears a golded belted coat,  
Loiters in the dainty room  
Of this tavern of perfume;  
Dares to linger at the cup  
Till the yellow sun is up?

Bacchus, 'tis, come back again  
To the busy haunts of men;  
Garlanded and gayly dressed,  
Bands of gold about his breast;  
Straying from his paradise,  
Having pinions angel-wise:  
'Tis the honey-bee who goes  
Reveling within a rose!

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.



## THE HUMBLE-BEE.

BURLY, dozing humble-bee,  
Where thou art is clime for me.  
Let them sail for Porto Rique,  
Far-off heats through seas to seek ;  
I will follow thee alone,  
Thou animated torrid-zone !  
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,  
Let me chase thy waving lines ;  
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,  
Singing over shrubs and vines.  
. . . . .  
Hot midsummer's petted crone,  
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone  
Tells of countless sunny hours,  
Long days, and solid banks of flowers ;  
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound  
In Indian wildernesses found ;  
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,  
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.  
Aught unsavory or unclean  
Hath my insect never seen ;  
But violets and bilberry bells,  
Maple-sap and daffodels,  
Grass with green flag halfmast high,  
Succory to match the sky,  
Columbine with horn of honey,  
Scented fern and agrimony,  
Clover, catchfly, adder's tongue  
And brier-roses, dwelt among ;

All beside was unknown waste,  
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,  
Yellow-breeched philosopher !  
Seeing only what is fair,  
Sipping only what is sweet,  
Thou dost mock at fate and care,  
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.  
When the fierce northwestern blast  
Cools sea and land so far and fast,  
Thou already slumberest deep ;  
Woe and want thou canst outsleep ;  
Want and woe which torture us,  
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

JULY.

FAIR was the morn to-day, the blossom's scent  
Floated across the fresh grass, and the bees  
With low vexed song from rose to lily went,  
A gentle wind was in the heavy trees,  
And thine eyes shone with joyous memories ;  
Fair was the early morn, and fair wert thou,  
And I was happy, — Ah, be happy now !

Peace and content without us, love within  
That hour there was, now thunder and wild rain,

Have wrapped the cowering world, and foolish sin,  
And nameless pride, have made us wise in vain ;  
Ah, love ! although the morn shall come again,  
And on new rosebuds the new sun shall smile,  
Can we regain what we have lost meanwhile ?

E'en now the west grows clear of storm and threat,  
But midst the lightning did the fair sun die :  
Ah ! he shall rise again for ages yet,  
He cannot waste his life ; but thou and I,  
Who knows if next morn this felicity  
My lips may feel, or if thou still shalt live  
This seal of love renewed once more to give ?

WILLIAM MORRIS.  
*The Earthly Paradise.*

## MIDSUMMER.

AROUND this lovely valley rise  
The purple hills of Paradise.

Oh, softly on yon banks of haze  
Her rosy face the Summer lays !

Becalmed along the azure sky,  
The argosies of cloudland lie,  
Whose shores, with many a shining rift,  
Far off their pearl-white peaks uplift.

Through all the long midsummer day  
The meadow sides are sweet with hay.

I seek the coolest sheltered seat  
Just where the field and forest meet,  
Where grow the pine trees tall and bland,  
The ancient oaks austere and grand,  
And fringy roots and pebbles fret  
The ripples of the rivulet.

I watch the mowers as they go  
Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row ;  
With even stroke their scythes they swing,  
In tune their merry whetstones ring ;  
Behind the nimble youngsters run  
And toss the thick swaths in the sun ;  
The cattle graze ; while, warm and still,  
Slopes the broad pasture, basks the hill,  
And bright, when summer breezes break,  
The green wheat crinkles like a lake.

The butterfly and humble-bee  
Come to the pleasant woods with me ;  
Quickly before me runs the quail,  
The chickens skulk behind the rail,  
High up the lone wood pigeon sits,  
And the woodpecker pecks and flits.  
Sweet woodland music sinks and swells,  
The brooklet rings its tinkling bells,  
The swarming insects drone and hum,  
The partridge beats his throbbing drum.  
The squirrel leaps among the boughs,  
And chatters in his leafy house.

The oriole flashes by ; and, look !  
Into the mirror of the brook  
Where the vain bluebird trims his coat,  
Two tiny feathers fall and float.

As silently, as tenderly,  
The dawn of peace descends on me.  
Oh, this is peace ! I have no need  
Of friend to talk, of book to read :  
A dear Companion here abides ;  
Close to my thrilling heart He hides ;  
The holy silence is His Voice :  
I lie and listen, and rejoice.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

*GATHERED ROSES.*

ONLY a bee made prisoner,  
Caught in a gathered rose !  
Was he not 'ware, a flower so fair  
For the first gatherer grows ?

Only a heart made prisoner,  
Going out free no more !  
Was he not 'ware, a face so fair  
Must have been gathered before ?

FRANCIS WILLIAM BOURDILLON.

*A LOST MORNING.*

(MIDSUMMER.)

OH foolish world ! The writer's necromancy  
At times is powerless on the restive pen,  
And the blank page reflects the lagging fancy,  
Which has no message then.

The honest schoolboy, of his cricket dreaming,  
Could trace no ruder figures o'er the slate,  
Than those which yield my brain, with nothing  
teeming,  
Outlet articulate.

My tale of work, in well-considered order,  
Lies fair before me on the laden desk ;  
But nothing in me speaks, save dreams that border  
The grave with the grotesque.

Plans jotted down for many-sided labor  
Invite in turn from various pigeon-holes,  
Where the next story has some play for neighbor,  
Stocked with imagined souls.

Yet spite of will, o'er which men make such pother,  
I cannot call one spirit from the deep,  
Where all the thoughts, which crowded each on  
other,  
Like very Merlin sleep.

Is it the sweet and heavy hum of summer,  
Full charged with the mesmeric scent of thyme,  
That, through my window, an unbidden comer,  
Dissolves them into rhyme?

Is it the sun, in his new kingdom, sharing  
The message of pure luxury with me,  
Which to the footsteps of his throne is bearing  
The murmur of the sea? —

And whispering, “Rest thee, over-anxious mortal,  
Awhile oblivious of the world’s commands,  
Content to offer at my golden portal  
A chaplet from thy hands.

“E’en weave it as thou wilt; thy garden musters  
Mute hints of ditties to inspire the lute;  
And to thy lips and sense stoop glowing clusters  
Of glowing flower and fruit.

“Bring me no ode of an heroic measure;  
Tell me no tale; seek no satiric theme,  
But merely babble, out of very pleasure,  
Thine unconnected dream!”

What could I answer? All the heat was singing,  
The insect chorus hummed in undertone;  
Slow to my feet my mighty dog was bringing  
A too-exacting bone.

So happy in mere happiness of living,  
I let the hours slip unimprovèd by,

And, past the hope of cultured man's forgiving,  
Thus "diem perdidit."

So have I writ lines that begin and end not,  
An idle morning's thriftless castaway;  
For whence they came, and whither tend or tend not,  
Critic! 'tis thine to say.

HERMAN CHARLES MERIVALE.

*THE SUMMER STORM.*

IN a scurry of clouds  
Sudden day fell,  
What ho! ye swallows!  
All is not well.

With broken flights  
They wheel through the sky,  
And sea gulls, wailing,  
Go hurrying by.

Up to the bars  
The cattle fare,  
And cries from the sheep-cote  
Fill all the air.

O'er the frightened sea  
The storm-cloud leaps,  
And its shadow behind  
Like a garment sweeps.



The slant rain beats  
The sea into froth,  
The hoarse winds have left  
Their home in the north.

High over the beach  
Blows white foam-sleet,  
On grey rock-walls  
The green tides beat.

The reef is drowned,  
Boone Light is wiped out;  
"It comes! it comes!"  
The women-folk shout.

Now all is blotted,  
The world is no more,  
But water, and wind,  
And the sea's uproar.

GEORGE WASHINGTON WRIGHT HOUGHTON.

*THE FIRST CRICKET.*

AH me! is it then true that the year has waxed unto  
waning,  
And that so soon must remain nothing but lapse  
and decay, —

Earliest cricket, that out of the midsummer mid-  
night complaining,  
All the faint summer in me takest with subtle dis-  
may?

Though thou bringest no dream of frost to the flow-  
ers that slumber,  
Though no tree for its leaves, doomed of thy  
voice, maketh moan,  
Yet with the unconscious earth's boded evil my soul  
dost thou cumber,  
And in the year's lost youth makest me still lose  
my own.

Answerest thou, that when nights of December are  
blackest and bleakest,  
And when the fervid grate feigns me a May in my  
room,  
And by my hearthstone gay, as now sad in my gar-  
den, thou creakest,  
Thou wilt again give me all, — dew and fragrance  
and bloom?

Nay, little poet! full many a cricket I have that is  
willing,  
If I but take him down out of his place on my  
shelf,  
Me blither lays to sing than the blithest known to  
thy shrilling,  
Full of rapture of life, May, morn, hope, and, —  
himself:

Leaving me only the sadder; for never one of my  
singers

Lures back the bee to his feast, calls back the  
bird to his tree.

Hast thou no art can make me believe, while the  
summer yet lingers,

Better than bloom that has been red leaf and sere  
that must be?

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

## JULY.

THE summer noon, than midnight's self more still,  
Lies like a weight of sleep upon the world.

The standards of the clouds are drooped and  
furled

Unmoving, and the sunbeam hath no will

With stream or grove to play. Deep musings fill

His soul, who all alone in some vast wood

Looks out upon the beaming solitude,

Listening for any sound of bird or rill,

In vain. Come, evening, with thy blest alloy

Of freshness, and day's dazzling wrongs repair.

Come, like contentment after too much joy;

Image of all our state can safely bear,

Peace, and the finer forms of pleasure coy,

O come, with dew, with moonlight, and sweet air.

CHAUNCEY HARE TOWNSHEND.

*THE DOVES AT MENDON.*

“Coo ! coo ! coo !” says Arné,  
Calling the doves at Mendon.

Under the vine-clad porch she stands,  
A gentle maiden with willing hands,  
Dropping the grains of yellow corn.  
Low and soft, like a mellow horn,  
While the sunshine over her falls,  
Over and over she calls and calls

“Coo ! coo ! coo !” to the doves :  
The happy doves at Mendon.

“Coo ! coo ! coo !” says Arné,  
Calling the doves at Mendon.

With a rush and a whirr of shining wings,  
They hear and obey, — the dainty things !  
Dun and purple, and snowy white,  
Clouded grey, like the soft twilight,  
Straight as an arrow shot from a bow,  
Wheeling and circling high and low,  
Down they fly from the slanting roof  
Of the old red barn at Mendon.

“Coo ! coo ! coo !” says Arné,  
Calling the doves at Mendon !

Baby Alice with wide blue eyes  
Watches them ever with new surprise,

While she and Wag on the mat together  
Joy in the soft midsummer weather.  
Hither and thither she sees them fly,  
Grey and white on the azure sky,  
    Light and shadow against the green  
    Of the maple grove at Mendon.

“Coo ! coo ! coo !” says Arné,  
Calling the doves at Mendon.

Down they flutter with timid grace,  
Lured by the voice and the tender face,  
Till the evening air is all astir  
With the happy strife and the eager whirr.  
One by one, and two by two,  
And then a rush through the ether blue,  
    While Arné scatters the yellow corn  
    For the gentle doves at Mendon.

“Coo ! coo ! coo !” says Arné,  
Calling the doves at Mendon !

They hop on the porch where the baby sits,  
They come and go, as a shadow flits,  
Now here, now there, while in and out  
They crowd and jostle each other about ;  
Till one grown bolder than all the rest,  
A snow-white dove with an arching breast,  
    Softly lights on her outstretched hand  
    Under the vines at Mendon.

“Coo ! coo ! coo !” says Arné,  
Calling the doves at Mendon !

A sound, a motion, a flash of wings :  
They are gone, — like a dream of heavenly things  
The doves have flown and the porch is still,  
And the shadows gather on vale and hill.  
Then sinks the sun and the tremulous breeze  
Stirs in the tremulous maple trees ;  
While love and peace as the night comes  
down,  
Brood over quiet Mendon !

MRS. JULIA CAROLINE [RIPLEY] DORR.

*AMID THE WHEAT.*

AMID the wheat, amid the wheat,  
At morn the sturdy gleaners greet  
What time the meadow-lark upsprings  
On buoyant wings, and soars and sings.  
The reapers whet their scythes in tune  
Till dies the sunlit afternoon,  
Then homeward thread the laneways through  
Where grasses gleam with shimmering dew,  
While birds their vesper songs repeat  
Amid the wheat, amid the wheat.

Amid the wheat, amid the wheat,  
The poppies find a shy retreat ;

With every breeze that blows is blent  
Their aromatic, drowsy scent  
That wafts the weary soul away  
Across some wide ærial bay,  
Where shoreless realms of dreamland lie  
Beneath an iridescent sky :  
Such vistas ope to those who meet  
Amid the wheat, amid the wheat.

Amid the wheat, amid the wheat,  
Who strays with frolic-loving feet ?  
A little maid that comes to see  
Where dwells the braggart bumble-bee ;  
A little maid of summers few,  
With laughing eyes of pansy hue,  
Whose heart is like a morn in May,  
Whose life an endless holiday :  
Ah, may it ever seem as sweet  
As now to her amid the wheat !

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

*A SUMMER DAY.*

THE sunshine lies athwart yon emerald bosk,  
Where blithesome runnels dance from out the  
dusk  
Of greenery, spirèd like an eastern mosque,  
And o'er the fields the winds steal, faint with  
musk.

The sun, midway upon his tireless march,  
Eyes languidly the green earth's sleepy face,  
But the fond sky, with arms in dreamy arch,  
Stoops down to take her in its soft embrace.

Lo ! lying yonder in an azure swoon,  
Where earth and sky in misty outlines merge,  
I see the narrow, curved, white summer moon,  
Pale and uncertain, o'er yon western verge.

Dim is the circuit of the far-off hills,  
From whose light crests the thin, blue forests fail  
In distance, and beyond the sunlight fills  
The white-winged clouds that o'er the heavens  
sail.

The yearning willow bends each leafy spray,  
And softly dips it in the sliding wave ;  
And on yon pebbly marge, across the way,  
Two little wrens their soft, brown pinions lave.

A slumberous silence steeps the summer noon,  
Save the cicada's piping, shrill and long,  
And now and then a hautboy's drowsy tune,  
In fitful snatches of an old love song.

O day of dreams, thou art not wholly lost ;  
When winter winds shall wax through sleety rain,  
And all the flowers lie dead beneath the frost,  
In memory I shall live thee o'er again.

JAMES BENJAMIN KENYON.



*A RAINY SUMMER.*

THIS year we had no time for commune sweet,  
With spires of snowy chestnut overhead ;  
I lying, with the bluebells, at your feet,  
As from an old-world book, mayhap, I read  
Some tale of knightly prowess for fair dame ;  
For scarcely had I smoothed the pages — so —  
And looked for inspiration in your eyes,  
And sighed, and sought your little hand, when, lo,  
Wildly the winds of heaven began to blow,  
And all alarmed and fluttering you fled,  
With waving of white garments to and fro,  
Whilst from the jealous unrelenting skies  
The inevitable July downpour came,  
Nor left me time to say what I had said.

MRS. MARY MONTGOMERIE [LAMB] SINGLETON.

*IN JULY.*

THE hot sun stooped, his eager thirst to slake ;  
I trembled for the trembling little lake.

I thought to see it shrivel in his clutch ;  
But lo ! it bloomed with lilies at his touch.

Fear not, sweet saint, by joy to be undone ;  
Peace comes with joy, like lilies with the sun.

MRS. ALICE MARLAND [WELLINGTON] ROLLINS.

*DROWSIETOWN.*

O so drowsy ! In a daze  
Sweating mid the golden haze,  
With its smithy like an eye  
Glaring bloodshot at the sky,  
And its one white row of street  
Carpeted so green and sweet,  
And the loungers smoking still  
Over gate and window-sill ;  
Nothing coming, nothing going,  
Locusts grating, one cock crowing,  
Few things moving up or down,  
All things drowsy, — Drowsietown !

Through the fields with sleepy gleam,  
Drowsy, drowsy, steals the stream,  
Touching with its azure arms  
Upland fields and peaceful farms,  
Gliding with a twilight tide  
Where the dark elms shade its side ;  
Twining, pausing sweet and bright  
Where the lilies sail so white ;  
Winding in its sedgy hair  
Meadow-sweet and iris fair ;  
Humming as it hies along  
Monotones of sleepy song ;  
Deep and dimpled, bright nut-brown,  
Flowing into Drowsietown.

. . . . .

Hark ! with drowsy deep refrain,  
In the distance rolls a wain ;  
As its dull sound strikes the ear,  
Other kindred sounds grow clear —  
Drowsy all — the soft breeze blowing,  
Locusts grating, one cock crowing,  
Cries like voices in a dream  
Far away amid the gleam,  
Then the wagons rumbling down  
Through the lanes to Drowsietown.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

*White Rose and Red.*

MIDSUMMER.

WHERE poppies, dusky red,  
Nod sleepily beside the garden wall,  
Heavy with damp night dews, weird shadows fall  
From charmed boughs o'erhead.

Distinct each separate leaf,  
And set in golden-black against the deep  
Dark amber sky, where twilight still doth keep  
Her vigils all too brief.

The breeze forgets to play,  
And still it is, as if indeed each tree  
Held all its little hands out warningly  
To bid the winds away.

GERTRUDE ALGER.

*FIREFLIES.*

ON the warm and perfumed dark  
Glow the firefly's tender spark.  
Copse, and dell and lonesome plain  
Catch the drops of lambent rain.  
Scattered swarms are snarled among  
Boughs where thrushes brood their young.  
Little cups of daisies hold  
Tapers that illumine their gold.  
See! they light their floating lamps  
Where the katydid encamps,  
Glint the ripples soft and cool  
On the grassy-cinctured pool,  
Poise where blood-red roses burn,  
And rills creep under drooping fern,  
Weave inconstant spangles through  
Vines that drip with fragrant dew,  
And mid clumps of dusky pine  
In the mournful silence shine.  
They cling to tufts of the morass;  
The meadow lilies feel them pass;  
They deck the turf about the feet  
Of lovers hid in shadows sweet,  
And round the musing poet, gleam  
Like scintillations of his dream.

O winged spark! effulgent mite!  
Live atom of the Infinite!  
Thou doest what for thee is done,  
In thy place faithful as the sun.

Love's highest law compels thy heart;  
All that thou hast thou dost impart;  
Thy life is lighted at its core —  
Sages and saints achieve no more.

HORATIO NELSON POWERS.

*THE GRASS WORLD.*

OH, life is rife in the heart of the year,  
When midsummer suns sail high;  
And under the shadow of spike and spear,  
In the depth of the daisy sky,  
There's a life unknown to the careless glance;  
And under the stillness an airy prance,  
And slender, jointed things astir,  
And gossamer wings in a sunny whirr,  
And a world of work and dance.

Soft in its throbbing, the conscious green  
Demurely answers the breeze;  
While down in its tangle, in riotous sheen,  
The hoppers are bending their knees;  
And only a beetle, or lumbering ant,  
As he pushes a feathery spray aslant,  
Or the sudden dip of a foraging bird,  
With vibrant trail of the clover stirred,  
Discovers the secret haunt.

. . . . .

MRS. MARY [MAPES] DODGE.

## IN THE HAMMOCK.

THERE is a tremor in the windless air  
That scarce may stir the leaves above my head;  
The weariness of sunlight lies like lead  
On the gold-green of grasses, and the glare  
Of scarlet flowers burns all the flower-beds bare  
Some of that blinding splendor of sheer red;  
And I methinks am living and not dead,  
But other life there seems not anywhere.  
Yet somewhere surely are the mighty throngs  
Of those that toil and sorrow and are wise  
More than my thought can ever understand;  
Less seem they than the least of dreamy songs  
In the shut book of songs unread that lies  
Under the hammock, fallen from my hand.

ARTHUR REED ROPES.

## A SUMMER NIGHT.

. . . Now was come the summer night's mid-hour:  
The great high moon that lit the rippling sea  
'Twixt the thin linden trees shone doubtfully  
Upon the dim grey garden; the sea breeze  
Stooped down on the pleached alleys; the tall trees  
Over the long roofs moved their whispering leaves,  
Nor woke the dusky swifts beneath the eaves.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

*The Earthly Paradise (Bellerophon at Argos).*

## A MIDSUMMER IDYL.

WITHIN the shade by willows made,  
In softest summer weather,  
We sat beside the rippling tide,  
My love and I together.

Through clouds of white with softened light,  
The harvest moonbeams shimmered ;  
And on the stream a silvery beam  
With diamond luster glimmered.

The summer breeze, from fragrant trees,  
Delicious odors brought us ;  
While sounds from o'er the farther shore  
In blended sweetness sought us.

And so we, too, — as in us grew  
The sense of song so gentle,  
Attuned our song to Nature's throng  
Beneath the evening's mantle.

We talked not much, but the soft touch  
Of hands, and eyes soft meeting,  
Told more by far than words declare,  
As heart to heart gave greeting.

Then, midnight come, we loitered home,  
Like brother now and sister  
"To cheat surprise and prying eyes,"  
Till at the gate I kissed her.

DANIEL WEBSTER BROWNELL.  
*In the Century Magazine.*

## MIDSUMMER DAWN.

WHILE the weird, white midnight creepeth by,  
Awake and quiet and sad to lie ;  
Then, when the midsummer sun is set,  
To sleep awhile, and forget.

To wake again at the hour of terror,  
And writhe in the grasp of a deathless error,  
And shrink on the brink of an ocean of loss,  
Doomed, so it seemeth, to cross.

Invisible foes in vain defying,  
To fight and fall, and, helpless lying,  
To wonder why, if the hour be small,  
It is light again on the wall ;

For the moon is down. To look, and, lo,  
All over the land what a solemn glow !  
Like that of the strange prophetic year,  
A time not dark, not clear,

But full of peace and tremulous hope.  
There is the stately, wooded slope ;  
There is the head of the mountain old  
Outlined on palest gold,

A mystery, — hope in the hour of gloaming,  
Surely a luminous change is coming !  
Shadows and light and virginal dew,  
And all things pure and new !



And what is yon dulcet note, and shrill?  
Can it be the new song of the whippoorwill,  
Till the day dawn and the shadows flee,  
Now will I wait for thee?

Yea, this is day. In the hyaline heaven,  
Doth shine a sign of the dark forgiven,  
Mid the tender glow o'er the mount afar;  
"I will give him the morning star."

HARRIET WATERS PRESTON.

*FROM DAWN TO DUSK.*

SLENDER strips of crimson sky  
Near the dim horizon lie,  
Shot across with golden bars  
Reaching to the falling stars;  
Soft the balmy west wind blows  
Wide the portals of the rose;  
Smell of dewy pine and fir,  
Lisping leaves and vines astir;  
On the borders of the dark  
Gayly sings the meadow lark,  
Bidding all the birds assemble;  
Hark, the welkin seems to tremble!  
Suddenly the sunny gleams  
Break the poppy-fettered dreams,  
Dreams of Pan, with two feet cloven,  
Piping to the nymph and faun,  
Who, with wreaths of ivy woven,  
Nimbly dance to greet the dawn.

Shifting shadows, indistinct,  
Leaves and branches crossed and linked,  
Cling like children, and embrace,  
Frightened at the moon's pale face.  
In the gloomy wood begins  
Noise of insect violins ;  
Swarms of fireflies flash their lamps  
In their atmospheric camps,  
And the sad-voiced whippoorwill  
Echoes back from hill to hill,  
Liquid clear above the crickets  
Chirping in the thorny thickets.  
Weary eyelids, eyes that weep,  
Wait the magic touch of sleep ;  
    While the dew, in silence falling,  
Fills the air with scent of musk,  
    And this lonely night-bird, calling,  
Drops a note down through the dusk.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

IN SUMMER EVE.

. . . PERCHANCE the evening wind awakes  
With sudden tumult, and the bowery ash  
Goes storming o'er the golden moon, whose flash  
    Fills and refills its breezy gaps and breaks ;  
The weeping willow at her neighbor floats,  
And busy rustlings stir the wheat and oats.

CHARLES TENNYSON-TURNER.

*Sonnet 193.*

*COUNT NOT GOLD GAIN IN HOT JULY.*

(BALLADE.)

HEATED, forespent, in hot July,  
Come, leave, dull souls, your desks and gains ;  
The windward sails are flapping nigh,  
Who listeth ease may have, for pains.  
Come where the beckoning ripples run,  
Where is nor rage, nor hue, nor cry ;  
White sails shall swell and fend the sun.  
Count not gold gain in hot July.

Come to the hills from hot July,  
The hills that breathe the willing north,  
Where pines feel not the south wind's sigh,  
But toss to Boreas stalking forth.  
There is nor feverish rush nor crowd  
Of men gone mad for gold to try ;  
Kind Nature there repeats aloud,  
"Count not gold gain in hot July."

Heated, forespent, in hot July,  
Seek where ye list some healing spot  
May cure the brain, the filmy eye ;  
Seek where ye list, where, gains forgot,  
Hearts may revive, and sweet return  
The bloom of youth, ah ! soon gone by,  
Seek where ye list, so ye but learn, —  
Count not gold gain in hot July.

## ENVOY.

Ye tradesmen, princes, men of law,  
Heed yet the gentle warning cry,  
"No wheat may grow from withered straw ;  
Count not gold gain in hot July."

MELVILLE MADISON BIGELOW

## JULY.

LOUD is the Summer's busy song,  
The smallest breeze can find a tongue,  
While insects of each tiny size  
Grow teasing with their melodies,  
Till noon burns with its blistering breath  
Around, and day lies still as death.

The busy noise of man and brute  
Is on a sudden lost and mute ;  
Even the brook that leaps along,  
Seems weary of its bubbling song,  
And, so soft its waters creep,  
Tired silence sinks in sounder sleep ;

The cricket on its bank is dumb ;  
The very flies forget to hum ;  
And, save the wagon rocking round,  
The landscape sleeps without a sound.

The breeze is stopped, the lazy bough  
Hath not a leaf that danceth now ;

The taller grass upon the hill,  
And spider's threads, are standing still ;  
The feathers, dropped from moorhen's wing  
Which to the water's surface cling,  
Are steadfast, and as heavy seem  
As stones beneath them in the stream ;

Hawkweed and groundsel's fanny downs  
Unruffled keep their seedy crowns ;  
And in the over-heated air  
Not one light thing is floating there,  
Save that to the earnest eye  
The restless heat seems twittering by.

Noon swoons beneath the heat it made,  
And flowers e'en within the shade ;  
Until the sun slopes in the west,  
Like weary traveler, glad to rest  
On pillowed clouds of many hues.  
Then Nature's voice its joy renews,

And chequered field and grassy plain  
Hum with their summer songs again,  
A requiem to the day's decline,  
Whose setting sunbeams coolly shine ;  
As welcome to day's feeble powers  
As falling dews to thirsty flowers.

JOHN CLARE.

## HEAT-LIGHTNING.

THE land is bathed in drowsy light,  
And breezes move, with drowsy sigh,  
From out that primrose west where now  
The long day takes so long to die !

I watch the deepening dusk, I watch,  
With soul to languid fancies given,  
Night close the starry flowers on earth  
And ope the flower-like stars in heaven !

Not seen with more than transient look  
If random glances near it stray,  
Huge in the hueless east there hangs  
One rounded cloud of stagnant grey.

The moments pass ; a rapid bat  
Traces black zigzags on the sky ;  
A beetle, bringing us his deep  
*Basso profundo*, journeys by.

Down in the dim swamp, firefly throngs  
A brilliant, soundless revel keep,  
As though beneath their radiant rain  
Another Danaë slept her sleep !

The mild night grows ; through meadowed ways  
The globing dew makes odor sweet,  
And slowly now, in that dark cloud,  
A pulse of gold begins to beat.

With fitful brightenings, brief to last,  
The tender flashes come and fly,  
Each winning forth from vapory depths  
A dreamy picture, rich of dye.

Drenched to its core with gentle fire,  
The cloud, at every mellowing change,  
Shows tranquil lakes and lovely vales  
And massive mountains, range on range !

And standing in the summer gloom,  
With placid rapture I behold  
These luminous Andes of the air,  
These ghostly Switzerlands of gold !

. EDGAR FAWCETT.

*TWO SUMMER DAYS.*

IN hope I climbed the grassy stair,  
Green hills in sunshine glancing ;  
A thousand grasses blossomed fair,  
The breezes set them dancing.  
Each seemed a happy soul to be,  
Rejoicing with the summer ;  
I smiled to think they danced for me,  
And every glad newcomer.

But ah ! a rapture greater still,  
Below, my heart awaited ;

It was the selfsame grassy hill,  
How wondrously translated !  
It seemed that gems had dropped in showers,  
The hill with glory lining ;  
'Twas but a crowd of sorrel flowers,  
Through which the sun was shining !

Each little flower, with ruby wings,  
Moved to a rhythmic measure ;  
Spellbound, I watched the lovely things,  
As one surveys his treasure.  
I danced, I sang, I could not choose  
But of their brightness borrow ;  
I felt as if I should not lose  
That joy in any sorrow !

Downcast, I trod the selfsame way,  
The summer hardly older ;  
But ah ! how different seemed the day  
To me, a sad beholder.  
No light lies on the hilltops now,  
No music stirs the grasses ;  
The very insects seem to know  
That some sad spirit passes !

I reached at last the lovely place  
Where late I paused in rapture ;  
In vain I gazed, with wistful face,  
No glow could I recapture.



The sorrel flowers were growing there,  
Not one perhaps had vanished ;  
Put ah ! the cloud of my despair  
Their gracious joy had banished !

MATILDA BARBARA BETHAM-EDWARDS.

*A SUMMER THOUGHT.*

In thy circle, painted flower,  
What a world of wonder lies !  
Yet men pass thee, hour by hour,  
With no marvel in their eyes ; .  
Dost thou not the beauty know  
In thy bright-streaked round that's dwelling ?  
When our tongues thy praises show,  
Is no pride thy bright robes swelling ?  
Dost thou feel no joy in living,  
Wantoning thus in sun and shower ?  
Thou canst pleasure still be giving ;  
Lies no pleasure in the power ?  
Decked in Nature's tiring-room  
By the months, in hues the brightest  
Flung from off her magic loom,  
Thou the very air delightest,  
And the very hours to view thee,  
Ere by death thy glory's blighted,  
Ere decay hath crept unto thee,  
Did they dare, would pause delighted ;

Ah, that men, with noteless eyes,  
Thus to pass thee should have power,  
Marveling not at all that lies  
In thy circle, painted flower!

WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

*THE PATH THROUGH THE CORN.*

WAVY and bright in the summer air,  
Like a pleasant sea when the wind blows fair,  
And its roughest breath has scarcely curled  
The green highway to a distant world,  
Soft whispers passing from shore to shore,  
As from hearts content, yet desiring more,  
    Who feels forlorn,  
Wandering thus down the path through the corn?

A short space since, and the dead leaves lay  
Moldering under the hedgerow grey,  
Nor hum of insect, nor voice of bird,  
O'er the desolate field was ever heard;  
Only at eve the pallid snow  
Blushed rose-red in the red sun-glow;  
    Till, one blest morn,  
Shot up into life the young green corn.

Small and feeble, slender and pale,  
It bent its head to the winter gale,  
Harkened the wren's soft note of cheer,  
Hardly believing spring was near:

Saw chestnuts bud out and champions blow,  
And daisies mimic the vanished snow  
    Where it was born,  
On either side of the path through the corn.

The corn, the corn, the beautiful corn,  
Rising wonderful, morn by morn :  
First, scarce as high as a fairy's wand,  
Then, just in reach of a child's wee hand ;  
Then growing, growing, tall, brave, and strong :  
With the voice of new harvests in its song ;  
    While in fond scorn  
The lark out-carols the whispering corn.

A strange, sweet path, formed day by day,  
How, when, and wherefore, we cannot say,  
No more than of our life-paths we know,  
Whether our eyes shall ever see  
The wheat in the ear or the fruit on the tree ;  
    Yet, who's forlorn ?  
He who watered the furrows can ripen the corn.  
    MRS. DINAH MARIA [MULOCK] CRAIK.

*AN INCOMPLETE ANGLER.*

THE bearded grass sways to and fro,  
As o'er the fields light zephyrs go ;  
The reeds nod by the river's brink,  
Where birds come down to lave and drink ;

Upon the wave the lilies ride ;  
The trailing vines dip in the tide ;  
And countless frogs, screened in the sedge,  
Boom all along the water's edge.  
Here, where the shadows round me wait,  
I'll sit and cast my luring bait.  
Above my leafy canopy  
The summer clouds float dreamily ;  
The sun, high o'er the cool, dark wood,  
Smiles down upon the twinkling flood ;  
The busy insects round me hum ;  
The stealthy herons go and come ;  
A butterfly, with gorgeous wings,  
To yon tall flag one moment clings,  
Then with a sidewise wavering flight,  
Rises and flutters out of sight.  
Still I my luckless victim bide :  
I watch where frolic sunbeams hide  
Deep in the bosom of the stream ;  
I see his burnished armor gleam,  
As round and round the tempting fly  
He circles oft and warily.  
Why should a fish refuse to dine  
From such a dainty hook as mine ?  
I'll wait and watch him yet. Ah me !  
The day is warm. How drowsily  
The flies drone near ! The river flows  
Like sluggish Lethe ; I shall doze  
If nature thus my senses steep  
In languor — but — I — must — not — sleep.

Old fellow, are you waiting yet  
To taste my hook? — The grass is wet!  
How now — the dew is falling? No!  
Yes, in the west the sun is low,  
And shadows lie around me deep:  
It must be that I dropped asleep.  
O Isaak Walton — honored ghost!  
Didst e'er thus slumber at thy post?  
But see, the fireflies round me flit!  
I wonder if that rascal bit:  
The hook is gone! — and snell gone, too!  
There's nothing further left to do,  
But meekly wind my idle reel,  
And homeward fare with empty creel.

JAMES BENJAMIN KENYON.

## JULY.

JULY breathes hot, sallows the crispy fields,  
Curls up the wan leaves of the lilac-hedge,  
And every eve cheats us with show of clouds  
That braze the horizon's western rim, or hang  
Motionless, with heaped canvas drooping idly,  
Like a dim fleet by starving men besieged,  
Conjectured half, and half descried afar,  
Helpless of wind, and seeming to slip back  
Adown the smooth curve of the oily sea.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

*Under the Willows.*

## CEDROS.

BETWEEN the rows of yellowing corn  
Our patient donkeys paced along,  
All in the glorious summer morn,  
At Cedros.

Afar we saw the glimmering shine  
Of league on league of sparkling brine,  
We breathed an ether rare and fine,  
At Cedros.

A laughing troop of golden hours  
Strewed all our sunny path with flowers :  
The blackbird's song dropped down in showers,  
At Cedros,  
And, catching up the gladsome strain,  
We sang, each answering each again,  
And gayly shook the bridal rein,  
At Cedros.

That day can never come again,  
Yet still I feel the tender pain  
That thrilled my heart with that refrain,  
At Cedros.

I see the sapphire sea and sky,  
The yellowing fields before me lie,  
I hear the joyous melody,  
At Cedros.

Oh, happy hour ! Oh, joyous time !  
When life was in its summer prime,

And seemed a thing almost sublime,  
At Cedros.

The future comes with joy or pain,  
But never shall we three again  
Ride through the fields of golden grain,  
Singing that sad and sweet refrain,  
At Cedros.

MRS. JANE [GOODWIN] AUSTIN.

## JULY.

SOME flowers have withered and some joys have  
died ;

The garden reeks with an East Indian scent  
From beds where gillyflowers stand weak and  
spent ;

The white heat pales the skies from side to side ;  
At noonday all the living creatures hide ;

But in still lakes and rivers, cool, content,  
Like starry blooms on a new firmament,  
White lilies float and regally abide.

In vain the cruel skies their hot rays shed ;

The lily does not feel their brazen glare ;  
In vain the pallid clouds refuse to share

Their dews ; the lily feels no thirst, no dread ;  
Unharm'd she lifts her queenly face and head ;

She drinks of living waters and keeps fair !

MRS. HELEN MARIA [FISKE] [HUNT] JACKSON.

## IN SUMMER.

THE summer's prime is come again ;  
The lilies bloom anew ;  
The current keeps the doubtful past  
Deep in its bosom blue,  
And low through quiet fields  
Grey with the falling dew.

The sheepbell tolls the curfew time ;  
The gnats, a busy rout,  
Fleck the warm air ; the distant owl  
Shouteth a sleepy shout :  
The voiceless bat, more felt than seen,  
Is flitting round about ;

The poplar's leaflet scarcely stirs ;  
The river seems to think ;  
Across the dusk the lily broad  
Looks coolly from the brink ;  
And knee deep in the freshet's fall,  
The meek-eyed cattle drink.

The chafers boom ; the white moths rise  
Like spirits from the ground ;  
The greyflies sing their weary tune,  
A distant, dream-like sound ;  
And far, far off, in the slumberous eve,  
Bayeth a restless hound.

COVENTRY KEARSEY DIGHTON PATMORE.

*The River.*



## MIDSUMMER IN THE SOUTH.

. . . . .  
I LOVE midsummer's azure deep,  
Whereon the huge white clouds, asleep,  
Scarce move through lengths of tranced hours ;  
Some, raised in forms of giant towers —  
Dumb Babels, with ethereal stairs  
Scaling the vast height — unawares  
What mocking spirit, ether born,  
Hath built those transient spires in scorn,  
And reared towards the topmost sky  
Their unsubstantial fantasy ?  
Some stretched in tenuous arcs of light  
Athwart the airy infinite,  
Far glittering up yon fervid dome,  
And lapped by cloudland's misty foam,  
Whose wreaths of fine sun-smitten spray  
Melt in a burning haze away :  
Some throned in heaven's serenest smiles,  
Pure-hued, and calm as fairy isles,  
Girt by the tides of soundless seas —  
The heavens' benign Hesperides.

I love midsummer uplands, free  
To the bold raids of breeze and bee,  
Where, nested warm in yellowing grass,  
I hear the swift-winged partridge pass,  
With whirr and boom of gusty flight,  
Across the broad heath's treeless height :

Or, just where, elbow-poised, I lift  
Above the wild flower's careless drift  
My half-closed eyes, I see and hear  
The blithe field-sparrow twittering clear  
Quick ditties to his tiny love ;  
While, from afar, the timid dove,  
    With faint, voluptuous murmur, wakes  
    The silence of the pastoral brakes.

I love midsummer sunsets, rolled  
Down the rich west in waves of gold,  
With blazing crests of billowy fire.  
But when those crimson floods retire,  
In noiseless ebb, slow-surgings, grand,  
By pensive twilight's flickering strand,  
In gentler mood I love to mark  
The slow gradations of the dark ;  
Till, lo ! from Orient's mists withdrawn,  
Hail ! to the moon's resplendent dawn ;  
On dusky vale and haunted plain  
Her effluence falls like balmy rain ;  
Gaunt gulfs of shadow own her might ;  
She bathes the rescued world in light,  
So that, albeit my summer's day,  
Erewhile did breathe its life away,  
Methinks, whate'er its hours had won  
Of beauty born from shade and sun,  
Hath not perchance so wholly died,  
But o'er the moonlight's silvery tide  
Comes back, sublimed and purified.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

## IN SUMMER FIELDS.

SOMETIMES, as in the summer fields  
I walk abroad, there comes to me  
So strange a sense of mystery,  
My heart stands still, my feet must stay,  
I am in such strange company.

I look on high, — the vasty deep  
Of blue outreaches all my mind ;  
And yet I think beyond to find  
Something more vast, — and at my feet  
The little bryony is twined.

Clouds sailing as to God go by,  
Earth, sun, and stars are rushing on ;  
And faster than swift time, more strong  
Than rushing of the worlds, I feel  
A something *is* of name unknown.

And turning suddenly away,  
Grown sick and dizzy with the sense  
Of power, and mine own impotence,  
I see the gentle cattle feed  
In dumb unthinking innocence.

The great Unknown above ; below,  
The cawing rooks, the milking-shed ;  
God's awful silence overhead ;  
Below, the muddy pool, the path  
The thirsty herds of cattle tread.

Sometimes, as in the summer fields  
I walk abroad, there comes to me  
So wild a sense of mystery,  
My senses reel, my reason fails,  
I am in such strange company.

Yet somewhere, dimly, I can feel  
The wild confusion dwells in me,  
And I, in no strange company,  
Am the lost link 'twixt Him and these,  
And touch Him through the mystery.

MRS. CHRISTINA CATHERINE [FRASER-TYTTLER] LIDDELL.

*IN MIDSUMMER.*

'Tis sweet to linger in the mellow grass  
Beside the margin of a lisping stream  
And watch the clouds in white flotillas pass,  
While Nature slumbers in a fragrant dream,  
To list the robin's song so soft and sweet,  
Like ripples of an Eden interlude,  
Float down cool woodland avenues replete  
With benisons of drowsy solitude,  
To note the fingers of the lazy breeze  
Play symphonies upon the languid ferns  
And on the bearded wheat wake mimic seas.  
With bliss the idle dreamer dizzy turns  
And thinks, as kine-bells tinkle on his ear,  
Keats's melodious spirit wanders near.

RICHARD KENDALL MUNKITTRICK

## MIDSUMMER NOON.

THE warm air trembling o'er the dusty road  
That winds — a tawny snake — around the hill;  
No breeze to wake the heavy, drooping leaves,  
No sound except the locusts' feeble trill.

Gay knots of butterflies with pulsing wings,  
That scatter at the lone wayfarer's feet;  
The roadside rills with all their music fled,  
The long grass dead and dying in the heat.

An ashen sky above the voiceless woods,  
A flash of waters where the boughs are thin;  
The hazy mountains reaching far beyond,  
A farmhouse closed, and silent all within.

The panting cattle 'neath the dappled shade,  
Knee-deep within the silver of the stream;  
And mine a dell beside a rustic bridge,  
Where even love would pause awhile to dream.

*Harper's Monthly, August, 1865.*

## GRASS.

It trembles round me like a sea  
O'er which the south wind softly blows,  
Deep green and dense and billowy,  
And odorous with the wild primrose.

From its dim aisles the crickets cry,  
In jocund measure, long and loud,  
To swift-winged swallows soaring high  
To gain the opal-hearted cloud.

Deep in its hollows, dusky sweet,  
The bee his honeyed plunder hides ;  
Above it saffron psyches meet,  
Borne down the air on perfumed tides.

A potent power, subtly strong,  
Controls my senses as I lie ;  
The morn is eloquent with song,  
And earth seems yearning toward the sky.

My heart is glad with life, and yet  
These emerald spears that gently wave  
(Alas ! why can I not forget ?)  
Will one day nod above my grave !

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

*MIDSUMMER MIDNIGHT.*

THE wide, still, moonlit water miles away,  
Stretches in lonely splendor. Whispers creep  
About us from the midnight wind, and play  
Among the flowers that breathe so sweet in sleep ;  
A soft touch sways the milk-white, stately phlox,  
And on its slender stem the poppy rocks.

Fair faces turn to watch the dusky sea,  
And clear eyes brood upon the path of light  
The white moon makes, the while deliciously,  
Like some vague, tender memory of delight,  
Or like some half-remembered, dear regret,  
Rises the odor of the mignonette.

Midsummer glories, moonlight, flowers asleep,  
And delicate perfume, mystic winds that blow  
Soft-breathing, full of balm, and the great deep  
In leagues of shadow swaying to and fro ;  
And loving human thought to mark it all,  
And human hearts that to each other call ;

Needs the enchantment of the summer night  
Another touch to make it perfect ? Hark !  
What sudden shaft of sound, like piercing light,  
Strikes on the ear athwart the moonlit dark ?  
Like some keen shock of joy is heard within  
The wondrous music of the violin.

It is as if dumb Nature found a voice,  
And spoke with power, though in an unknown  
tongue.  
What kinship has the music with the noise  
Of waves, or winds, or with the flowers, slow-  
swung  
Like censers to and fro upon the air,  
Or with the shadow, or with the moonlight fair ?

And yet it seems some subtile link exists,  
We know not how. And over every phase  
Of thought and feeling wandering as it lists,  
Playing upon us as the west wind plays  
Over the wind-harp, the subduing strain  
Sweeps with resistless power of joy and pain.

Slow ebbs the golden tide and all is still.  
Ask the magician at whose touch awoke  
That mighty, penetrating, prisoned will,  
The matchless voice that so divinely spoke,  
Kindling to fresher life the listening soul,  
What daring thought such fire from heaven stole?

He cannot tell us how the charm was wrought,  
Though in his hand he holds the potent key,  
Nor read the spell that to the sweet night brought  
This crown of rapture and of mystery,  
And lifted every heart, and drew away  
All trace of worldliness that marred the day.

But every head is bowed. We watch the sea  
With other eyes, as if some hint of bliss  
Spoke to us through the yearning melody,  
Of glad new worlds, of brighter lives than this;  
While still the milk-white stately phlox waves slow,  
And drowsily the poppy rocks below.

MRS. CELIA [LAUGHTON] THAXTER.



*LONG SUMMER DAYS.*

(RONDEAU.)

LONG summer days are my desire :  
Red suns, that drop as globes of fire  
    Behind the sloped fields white with weed :  
    Warm winds, that waft the wandering seed  
With silvery plume, now low, now higher :

Pale clematis that o'er the brier  
Runs with frail feet that never tire  
    Beside rough roads : your gifts I need,  
                    Long summer days !

Yet come not, O profane ones ! nigher,  
If in your stars be severance dire  
    Of dear companionship decreed :  
    For then, alas ! ye were indeed,  
Too far outstripping my desire,  
                    Long summer days !

HELEN GRAY CONE.

*AFTER THE SUMMER STORM.*

FAR off, among the norland hills,  
    The distant thunders rolled,  
Soft rain clouds dipped their fringes down  
    Across the evening gold.  
Heaven's stormy dome was rent, and high  
Above me shone the summer sky ;

Evermore serene it grew,  
Fading off into the blue,  
Till the boundless hyaline  
Seemed melting into depths divine,  
And the angels came and went  
Through the opening firmament.  
In all the glooming hollows lay  
A light more beautiful than day ;  
All the blossom bells waved slowly  
In the evening's golden calm,  
And the hum of distant voices  
Sounded like a vesper psalm.

Till, dimly seen, through day's departing bloom,  
The far-off lamps of heaven began to fling  
Their trembling beams athwart the dewy gloom,  
As evening, on the horizon's airy ring,  
Winnowing the darkness with her silver wing,  
Descended like an angel, calm and still.

MRS. SARAH HELEN [POWER] WHITMAN.  
*Hours of Life.*

### MEADOW-SWEET.

THE creamy banks of meadow-sweet  
Along the millstream's margin grow,  
Where honey-bees with pollened feet  
Hum softly to and fro.

The sound is sweet, the fragrance rare,  
As summer breezes float along,  
And round me all the summer air  
Is full of scent and song.

O what to me are wealth and rank ?  
O what are men, and their deceit ?  
While I lie here, on the millstream's bank,  
Among the meadow-sweet !

GEORGE ARNOLD.

*A JULY NIGHT.*

THE dreamy, long, delicious afternoon  
That filled the flowers with honey, and made well  
With earliest nectar many a secret cell  
Of pulping peaches, with a murmurous tune  
Lulled all the woods and leas ; but now, how soon  
The winds have woke to break the sultry spell.  
The drowsy flocks that low in the west did dwell,  
Like oreads chased fleet madly by the moon !  
So, Cleopatra-like has rich July,  
A queen of many moods, outdreamed the day  
To hold by night wild revel. Odors warm  
Come panted with each gust, as royally,  
Magnificent alike in calm or storm,  
With some voluptuous anger she would play.

JOHN TODHUNTER.

## IN SUMMER NOON.

AT times a bird slides through the glossy air,  
O'er the enameled woodlands; but no chirp  
Of song is heard; all's dumb and panting heat.  
How waste and idle are yon river sands,  
Far-stretching white! The stream is 'almost shrunk  
Down to the green gleet of its slippery stones,  
And in it stand the cows, switching their tails,  
With circling drops, and ruminating slow.  
A hermit-glutton on a sodden root,  
Fish-gorged, his head and bill sunk to his breast,  
The lean blue heron stands, and there will stand  
Motionless all the long dull afternoon.

THOMAS AIRD.

*A Summer Day.*

## JULY.

THEN came July boiling like to fire,  
That all his garments he had cast away.  
Upon a Lion raging yet with ire  
He boldly rode, and made him to obey:  
It was the beast that whilom did foray  
The Nemean forest, till the Amphitrionide  
Him slew, and with his hide did him array.  
Behind his back a scythe, and by his side  
Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.

EDMUND SPENSER.

*The Faerie Queene.*

## MIDSUMMER.

UPON the heated walls the sun shines down  
Fiercely and blankly, with unsoftened rays,  
Sword-like above the noisy, dusty town,  
Through the long summer days.

Only this glare and bustle meet mine eye,  
Till o'er the glowing west the shadows creep,  
And night leads out her silent train on high,  
Soothing the world to sleep.

All day my heart has been so full of dreams,  
A stir of winds comes through the sultry air;  
Far off my fancy hears a voice of streams,  
And I again am *there*.

Ah me! the coolness of those mountain woods!  
The beauty of the water's crystal sheen!  
The long-arched aisles, cathedral solitudes,  
With mossy carpets green.

The noise of running waters everywhere;  
The sound of winds among the pine tree tops;  
The waterfalls that shower upon the air  
A rain of silver drops.

The majesty of those eternal hills;  
Deep glens beneath, and sunshine on their copes,  
And the bright river lying calm and still  
Beyond the farthest slopes.

All these have risen up before mine eyes,  
And my heart stood before them tranced and  
dumb  
As one sweet voice of many melodies  
Called from the mountains, *Come!*

. . . . .

NATHAN G. SHEPHERD.

A SUMMER NIGHT.

It is a night too silver-sweet for sleep,  
The stars shine softly bright, and delicate airs  
Play through my open window languidly,  
With summer perfume on their gentle wings,  
Robbed from deep-bosomed roses. Yonder streak  
Of paly gold marks where the sun went down  
In burning glory; and now the rising moon  
Half hides her blood-red orb behind those elms  
That whisper to each other. Silent it is,  
Most silent, save when from the meadow deep  
The corncrake calls her mate, or far away  
A watchdog bays; so silent that you seem  
To hear the growth of all things as the dew  
Sinks down refreshfully, and seem to feel  
The throb of Nature's pulses, and the wings  
Of Time stealthily waved with downy beat.  
The starlight stillness draws me: I must roam,  
Past my still garden; past the pastures low  
Breathing of meadow-sweet; up this dim lane

Into the dewy woods, led by the light  
Of the new-risen moon. A sudden joy,  
A shudder of deep delight, thrills to my heart,  
To be alone, hid in the nightly haunt  
Of that fair Spirit whose permanent essence fills  
Each tiniest leaf with living beauty. Here,  
Where the wood-smells are sweetest, where the dew  
Lies pearliest on the balmy eglantine,  
And each clear drop a soul of fragrance takes  
From curvy trumpets of the woodbine trails  
Wreathing dark-gloried hollies; where the flowers  
Of maiden-pure wild roses strew the grass  
With delicate petals, — one might suddenly come  
On some quaint scene of elfin revelry.

JOHN TODHUNTER.

## JULY.

A RED sun rising at morning  
With flame on his burning crest;  
A red sun sinking at evening,  
In the molten glow of the west;  
The air grown languid and drooping,  
On wings too heavy to fly;  
The voice of a drowsy locust  
That croons to a drowsy sky;  
And cool waves crisping and darkling  
Across the hot sands of July!

MRS. MARY ELIZABETH [MCGRATH] BLAKE.

*JULY IN THE WEST.*

## DAY.

A RHYTHM of reapers ; a flashing  
Of steels in the meadows ; a lashing  
Of sheaves in the wheatlands ; a glitter  
Of grain-built streets, and a twitter  
Of birds in a motionless sky, —

And that is July !

A rustle of corn-leaves ; a tinkle  
Of bells on the hills ; a twinkle  
Of sheep in the lowlands ; a bevy  
Of bees where the clover is heavy ;  
A butterfly blundering by, —

And that is July !

## NIGHT.

A moon-flooded prairie ; a straying  
Of leal-hearted lovers ; a baying  
Of far away watchdogs ; a dreaming  
Of brown-fisted farmers ; a gleaming  
Of fireflies eddying nigh, —

And that is July !

A babble of brooks that deliver  
Their flower-purpled waves to the river ;  
A moan in the marshes ; in thickets  
A dolorous droning of crickets,  
Attuned to a whippoorwill's cry, —

And that is July !

JAMES NEWTON MATTHEWS.



*LYING IN THE GRASS.*

BETWEEN two golden tufts of summer grass,  
I see the world through hot air as through glass,  
And by my face sweet lights and colors pass.

Before me dark against the fading sky,  
I watch three mowers mowing, as I lie:  
With brawny arms they sweep in harmony.

Brown English faces by the sun burnt red,  
Rich glowing color on bare throat and head,  
My heart would leap to watch them, were I dead!

And in my strong young living as I lie,  
I seem to move with them in harmony,  
A fourth is mowing, and the fourth am I.

The music of the scythes that glide and leap,  
The young men whistling as their great arms sweep,  
And all the perfume and sweet sense of sleep,

The weary butterflies that droop their wings,  
The dreamy nightingale that hardly sings,  
And all the lassitude of happy things,

Is mingling with the warm and pulsing blood  
That gushes through my veins a languid flood,  
And feeds my spirit as the sap a bud.

Behind the mowers, on the amber air,  
A dark-green beechwood rises, still and fair,  
A white path winding up it like a stair.

. . . . .  
My life is like the single dewy star  
That trembles on the horizon's primrose-bar,  
A microcosm where all things living are.

And if, among the noiseless grasses, Death  
Should come behind and take away my breath,  
I should not rise as one who sorroweth ;

For I should pass, but all the world would be  
Full of desire and young delight and glee,  
And why should men be sad through loss of me ?

The light is flying ; in the silver-blue  
The young moon shines from her bright window  
through :

The mowers are all gone, and I go too.

EDMUND WILLIAM GOSSE.

OH WHICH WERE BEST.

OH, which were best, to roam or rest ?  
The land's lap or the water's breast ?  
To sleep on yellow millet sheaves,  
Or swim in lucid shallows just  
Eluding water-lily leaves,  
An inch from death's black fingers, thrust  
To lock you whom release he must ;  
Which life were best on summer eves ?

ROBERT BROWNING.

*In a Gondola.*

*MIDSUMMER IN NEW ENGLAND.*

THE proud pomp of the midsummer is here ;  
With daisy blooms the meadow lands are white ;  
And over them the birds chant their delight ,  
And the blue, listening heavens bend to hear.

Within the lily's painted cup the bee  
Swings drowsily, and dreams about the rose  
He loved in June, and how her leaves repose  
Where none can find them save the winds and he.

The trees are heavy with their wealth of green,  
And under them the waiting maidens walk,  
And fill the idle hours with girlish talk  
Of such a knight as never girl has seen —

How he is noble, good, and princely tall,  
And one day he will come from his far place,  
And read the blushes in his true love's face,  
And she will rise and follow at his call :

And then I see a little painted boat,  
With white sails set to seek the summer sea ;  
And in that boat two lovers young and free,  
With favoring winds, 'neath smiling skies afloat.

And all the proud midsummer's pomp is come ;  
And all the joy of flower and bird and bee ;  
And all the deeper joy when he and she,  
Their hearts' midsummer found, with bliss are dumb.

MRS. LOUISE [CHANDLER] MOULTON.

## SUMMER CHEMISTRY.

*What does it take*

*A day to make, —*

*A day at the Bear Camp Ossipee?*

White clouds a-sail in the shining blue,  
Dropping a shadow to dredge the lands;  
A mountain-wind, and a marching storm,  
And a sound in the trees like waves on sands;  
A mist to soften the shaggy side  
Of the great green hill, till it lies as dim  
As the hills in a childhood memory;  
The crags and the ledges silver-chased,  
Where yesterday's rainy runlets raced;  
The back of an upland pasture steep,  
With delicate fern-beds notching wide  
The dark wood-line where the birches keep  
Candlemas all the summertide;  
Brown-flashing across the meadow bright  
The stream that gems its malachite;  
And, watching his valley, Chocorua grim,  
And a golden sunset watching him!  
Add fifty lives of young and old,  
Of tired and sad, of strong and bold,  
And every heart a deeper sea  
Than its owner dreams can be;  
Add eyes whose glances have the law  
Of coursing planets in their draw;  
Add careless hands that touch and part,  
And hands that greet with a heaven's sense;

Add little children in their glee  
Uprunning to a mother's knee,  
Their earliest altar; add her heart,  
Their feeble, brooding Providence :

Add this to that, and thou shalt see  
What goes to summer chemistry,  
What the God takes,  
Each time he makes  
One summer day at Ossipee.

WILLIAM CHANNING GANNETT.

HELIOTROPE.

OUR new, west world, the Persian's god looks on  
To-day as in those other days afar,  
Before was felt the influence of the star  
That waked a holier worship than the sun.  
Once in each passing year upon his throne,  
(Flashing abroad a glittering scimeter  
And robed in robes of trailing cinnabar)  
He sits triumphant, yielding sway to none.  
Fruits blushing crimson in his fervid glance  
Whose warmth has made their happiness complete,  
Drop down content to languish at his feet.  
And flowers, no colder lover could entrance,  
See in his face the fulness of their hope,  
And smile to hear men call them Heliotrope.

MRS. MARY [BARKER] DODGE.

## IN GREENWOOD GLEN.

(RONDEAU.)

IN greenwood glen, where greedy bees  
Drain fragrant flower-cups to the lees,  
When summer's shining lances smite  
The grainfields gleaming golden bright,  
I hear Æolian melodies.

The music bounds along the breeze  
In ever-changing symphonies,  
And lulls my soul with calm delight  
In greenwood glen.

Elusively it faints and flees,  
Retreats, returns, — but no one sees  
The piper ; for, as in affright,  
He skilfully eludes the sight ;  
'Tis Pan who hides amid the trees

In greenwood glen !

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

## JULY.

PROUD, on the bosom of the river  
White-winged, the vessels come and go,  
Dropping down with ingots to deliver,  
Drifting up lordly, on the flow.  
Glassed in the green waters under,  
Grand against the crimson of the sky,

Kings of the sunshine and the thunder,  
Come they and go they in July.

Meek, to the bosom of the river,  
White-leaved, the lily comes alone,  
From water-grass and sedges climbing ever  
Who knows the lilybud is blown?  
Who cares to think the wind of summer  
Rocking the great ships to sea,  
Kissed as it passed that latest comer,  
Rocked the white lily and the bee?

Rocked the pale lily with its burden,  
Only a worker-bee at most,  
Working for nothing, save the guerdon  
To live on her honey in the frost.  
But on small things and large the summer shineth,  
Over ships and over lily globes the sky,  
And the sender of the summer wind divineth,  
What portion each shall have of his July!

EDWIN ARNOLD.

*ON A JULY MORNING.*

THREE hours from noon the passing shadow shows,  
The sultry breeze glides faintly o'er the plains,  
The dazzling ether fierce and fiercer glows,  
And human nature scarce its rage sustains.

Now still and vacant is the dusty street,  
 And still and vacant all yon fields extend,  
 Save where those swains, oppressed with toil and  
     heat,  
 The grassy harvest of the mead attend.

Lost is the lively aspect of the ground,  
 Low are the springs, the reedy ditches dry ;  
 No verdant spot in all the vale is found,  
 Save what yon stream's unfailing stores supply.

. . . . .  
 . . . . . JOHN SCOTT.

*Elegy II.*

### FIREFLIES.

TO-NIGHT I watch the fireflies rise  
 And shine along the air ;  
 They float beneath the starry skies,  
     As mystical and fair,  
 Over the hedge where dimly glows  
 The deep gold of the Persian rose.

I watch the fireflies drift and float ;  
     Each is a dreamy flame,  
 Star-colored each, a starry mote,  
     Like stars not all the same ;  
 But whiter some, or faintly green,  
 Or wannest blue was ever seen.



They cross and cross and disappear,  
 And then again they glow ;  
 Still drifting faintly there and here,  
 Still crossing to and fro,  
 As though in all their wandering  
 They wove a wide and shining thing.

. . . . .

AGNES MARY FRANCES ROBINSON

### WILD ROSES.

On long, serene midsummer days  
 Of ripening fruit and yellowed grain,  
 How sweetly, by dim woodland ways,  
 In tangled hedge or leafy lane,  
 Fair wild rose thickets, you unfold  
 Those pale pink stars with hearts of gold !

Your sleek patrician sisters dwell  
 On lawns where gleams the shrub's trim bosk,  
 In terraced gardens, tended well,  
 Near pebbled walk and quaint kiosk,  
 In costliest urns their colors rest ;  
 They beam on beauty's fragrant breast.

But you in lowly calm abide,  
 Scarce heeded save by breeze or bee ;  
 You know what splendor, pomp and pride  
 Full oft your brilliant sisters see ;

What sorrow, too, and bitter fears,  
What mad farewells and hopeless tears !

How some are kept in old, dear books,  
That once in bridal wreaths were worn ;  
How some are kissed, with tender looks,  
And later tossed aside with scorn ;  
How some their spotless petals lay  
On icy foreheads pale as they !

So, while these truths you vaguely guess,  
A-bloom in many a lonesome spot,  
Shy roadside roses, may you bless  
The fate that rules your modest lot,  
Like rustic maids that meekly stand  
Below the ladies of the land !

EDGAR FAWCETT.

*MIDSUMMER IN THE CITY.*

O YE keen breezes from the salt Atlantic,  
Which to the beach, where memory loves to wander,  
On your strong pinions waft reviving coolness,  
Bend your course hither !

For in the surf ye scattered to the sunshine  
Did we not sport together in my boyhood,  
Screaming for joy amid the flashing breakers,  
O rude companions ?

Then to the meadows, beautiful and fragrant,  
Where the coy spring beholds her earliest verdure  
Brighten with smiles that rugged seaside hamlet,  
How would we hasten !

There under elm trees affluent in foliage,  
High o'er whose summit hovered the sea eagle,  
Through the hot, glaring noontide here we rested,  
After our gambols.

Vainly the sailor called you from your slumber,  
Like a glazed pavement shone the level ocean ;  
While, with their snow-white canvas idly drooping,  
Stood the tall vessels.

And when at length exulting ye awakened,  
Rushed to the beach, and plowed the liquid acres,  
How have I chased you through the shivered bil-  
lows,  
In my frail shallop !

Playmates, old playmates, hear my invocation !  
In the close town I waste this golden summer,  
Where piercing cries and sounds of wheels in motion  
Ceaselessly mingle.

When shall I feel your breath upon my forehead ?  
When shall I hear you in the elm trees' branches ?  
When shall we wrestle in the briny surges,  
Friends of my boyhood ?

EPES SARGENT.

*FROM WOOD AND FIELD.*

RARE odors float through wood and field,  
And to the dawn their fragrance yield :

Borne from the woodbine's waxen cells ;  
The honeysuckle's soundless bells ;

The intricate foliage of the vines  
Where morning's earliest dewdrop shines ;

The moisture lingering o'er the thorn ;  
The ribbons of the ripening corn ;

The wheat where wanton shadows play ;  
The healthful incense of the hay ;

The aromatic pines that spill  
Their resinous perfumes o'er the hill ;

The feathery ferns by lake and ledge ;  
The wild wet grass ; the silvery sedge ;

The light leaves half-inclined to press  
Their bitter bark in tenderness ;

The green boughs, as they softly brush  
The breasts of mocking bird and thrush ;

The honey of the wild bees' home,  
Shrined in the cloister of the comb ;

All these the heart of Nature holds,  
And to the morning wind unfolds.

WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE.

*SUMMER DAWN ON LOCH KATRINE.*

THE summer dawn's reflected hue  
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue;  
Mildly and soft the western breeze  
Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees,  
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,  
Trembled but dimpled not for joy:  
The mountain-shadows on her breast  
Were neither broken nor at rest;  
In bright uncertainty they lie,  
Like future joys to Fancy's eye.  
The water lily to the light  
Her chalice reared of silver bright;  
The doe awoke, and to the lawn,  
Begemmed with dewdrops, led her fawn;  
The grey mist left the mountain side,  
The torrent showed its glistening pride;  
Invisible in fleckèd sky  
The lark sent down her revelry;  
The blackbird and the speckled thrush  
Good-morrow gave from brake and bush;  
In answer cooed the cushat dove  
Her notes of peace and rest and love.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

*The Lady of the Lake.*

*SUMMER NIGHT ON LAKE GENEVA.*

It is the hush of night, and all between  
 Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,  
 Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,  
 Save darkened Jura, whose capt heights appear  
 Precipitously steep; and drawing near,  
 There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,  
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear  
 Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,  
 Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more.

He is an evening reveler, who makes  
 His life an infancy, and sings his fill;  
 At intervals, some bird from out the brakes  
 Starts into voice a moment, then is still.  
 There seems a floating whisper on the hill,  
 But that is fancy, for the starlight dew  
 All silently their tears of love instil,  
 Weeping themselves away, till they infuse  
 Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

. . . . .

The sky is changed! and such a change! O night,  
 And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,  
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light  
 Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,  
 From peak to peak, the rattling clouds among,  
 Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,  
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue,  
 And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,  
 Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night : — Most glorious night !  
Thou wert not sent for slumber ! let me be  
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,  
A portion of the tempest and of thee !  
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,  
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth !  
And now again 'tis black, — and now, the glee  
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,  
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's  
birth.

GEORGE NOEL GORDON BYRON.  
*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.*

## MIDSUMMER.

PAST many a shady nook,  
The babbling meadow brook,  
'Twixt grass-grown banks with feathery fern abound-  
ing,  
Glides on its devious way  
Through all the livelong day,  
While fields and woods with summer song are sound-  
ing.

Far off across the vale  
Where the light vapors sail,  
Veiled with thin mist the purple hills are sleeping ;  
And in the ripened field,  
Amid the summer's yield  
The farmers now the golden grain are reaping.

The locust sings unseen  
 Behind some leafy screen,  
 While the hot sun looks down with fiery glances ;  
 All Nature seems to swoon  
 As toward its highest noon,  
 From heat to heat, the glowing day advances.

. . . . .  
 Beside the cottage porch,  
 The sunflower's shining torch,  
 That marked with rings of flame the summer's coming,  
 Stands in proud splendor there  
 Where all the noontide air  
 Is drowsy with the sweet bees' idle humming.

. . . . .  
 CAROLINE SEYMOUR.

### JULY.

My emblem is the Lion, and I breathe  
 The breath of Libyan deserts o'er the land ;  
 My sickle as a sabre I unsheathe,  
 And bent before me the pale harvests stand.  
 The lakes and rivers shrink at my command,  
 And there is thirst and fever in the air ;  
 The sky is changed to brass, the earth to sand ;  
 I am the Emperor whose name I bear.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

*The Poet's Calendar.*



## BED IN SUMMER.

IN winter I get up at night  
And dress by yellow candlelight.  
In summer, quite the other way,  
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see  
The birds still hopping on the tree,  
Or hear the grown-up people's feet  
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,  
When all the sky is clear and blue,  
And I should like so much to play,  
To have to go to bed by day?

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

*A Child's Garden of Verses.*

## IN SUMMER NIGHT.

. . . . . THE twilight shadows grow  
And steal the rose-bloom genial summer sheds,  
And scented wafts of wind that come and go,  
Have lifted dew from honeyed clover-heads ;  
The seven stars shine out above the mill,  
The dark delightful woods lie veiled and still.

Hush ! hush ! the nightingale begins to sing,  
And stops as ill-contented with her note ;

Then breaks from out the bush with hurried wing,  
 Restless and passionate. She tunes her throat,  
 Laments awhile in wavering trills, and then  
 Floods with a stream of sweetness all the glen.

The seven stars upon the nearest pool  
 Lie trembling down betwixt the lily leaves,  
 And move like glowworms ; wafting breezes cool  
 Come down along the water, and it heaves  
 And bubbles in the sedge ; while deep and wide  
 The dim night settles on the country side.

JEAN INGELow.

*The Four Bridges.*

*THE SWEET VALLEY OF DEEP GRASS.*

O THE sweet valley of deep grass,  
 Where through the summer stream doth pass,  
 In chain of shadow and still pool,  
 From misty morn to evening cool ;  
 Where the black ivy creeps and twines  
 O'er the dark-armed, red-trunkèd pines,  
 Whence clattering the pigeon flits,  
 Or, brooding o'er her thin eggs, sits,  
 And every hollow of the hills  
 With echoing song the mavis fills.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

*The Life and Death of Jason.*

*TO A GRASSHOPPER.*

BLITHE frisker in the summer grass  
With voice that rings of sounding brass,  
Art thou aware thy life will pass

Ere thou grow'st old?  
I watch thy leaps, and say, "Alas!  
Thou'lt die of cold."

Machine art thou, or hast thou thought?  
By what schoolmaster wert thou taught?  
And what experience hast thou bought  
In all thy jumps?  
Have they instead of pleasure brought  
But knocks and thumps?

A fife, a trumpet, or a rattle, —  
Canst tune thy note for dance or battle,  
For warning, or for scraps of tattle,  
At thy sweet pleasure?  
Thou mightest preach, or soothly prattle,  
If thou hadst leisure.

Small time hast thou to tell the news,  
To foster friendship, prove thy views,  
For thou, it seems, must always use,  
Whate'er thy wishes,  
A jerky life, like kangaroos,  
Or flying fishes.

At times when on the hill I sit,  
And see thy swarming brethren flit,

They seem unto my puzzled wit  
                                Not melancholic,  
But all of solid sunshine knit,  
                                And ripe for frolic.

Heard all along the rows of hay,  
Their notes seem only glad and gay,  
While they with leaps amazing play  
                                O'er field and flower :  
Enjoying most the hottest day,  
                                And noontide hour.

Among ye are there high and low ?  
Are young cicadas trained to go,  
And in examinations show  
                                Of lore a heap ?  
Or who the loudest trumpet blow,  
                                Or farthest leap ?

Hast duty set before thy life ?  
Is thy shrill note with anger rife  
To keep in awe a pouting wife  
                                Who seeks to quarrel,  
Ready alike for taunt or strife  
                                About apparel ?

Thou'rt quaint enough to be antique,  
By Nature shaped in her first week  
Of snips of grass by way of freak,  
                                Brown, yellow, green :  
And bid through hollow stalks to shriek,  
                                Yet nothing mean.

I fain would think thy life is light,  
It lasts but while the sun is bright :  
If I thy epitaph indite

Would this be proper :  
Here lies, till Nature him requite,  
A brief grasshopper?

WALTER WHITE.

*A RHYME OF SUMMER.*

THE daisies nodded in the grass, the buttercups  
were sleeping,  
And just across the river sang the farmers at their  
reaping ;  
Upon the hills, so blue and far, the maple leaves were  
showing  
Their pallid beauty in the breeze that from the sea  
was blowing.  
A little maid came through the land with song and  
rippling laughter,  
The buttercups made way for her, the daisies nodded  
after.

A strong young farmer saw her pause beside the  
parting river ;  
She drew a lily from its depth with golden heart  
a-quiver.

“Thou art more fair than lilies are,” said he with  
head uplifted ;  
And threw a poppy, which the stream swift to the  
maiden drifted.  
She set the flowers within her hair, — the red and  
white together ;  
A cloud grew black before the sun and rainy was  
the weather.

He came across the river then, this farmer, from his  
mowing ;  
He heeded not the water's depth, he cared not for  
its flowing.  
“O love !” said he, “if gleaming sun and cloudless  
skies o'erlean us,  
The river's barring width may roll unpassed, untried  
between us ;  
But when loud thunder fills the air, and clouds and  
rain come over,  
I'd cross the ocean to your side, — I am no fair-day  
lover !”

And so one noon the village bells rang out across  
the river,  
Their music set the buttercups and daisies all  
a-shiver,  
While some one drew a lily from the stream so  
blithely flowing,  
And plucked a blood-red poppy that amid the wheat  
was growing ;

The maiden set them in her hair — the red and white  
together —

With many a smile, a tear or two, and glances at the  
weather.

They passed beneath the chapel's shade, the farm-  
er and the maiden,

Where arches crossed above their heads, with snowy  
blossoms laden,

And in that place of holy calm the binding words  
were spoken ;

He in his heart bore out the truth, she on her hand  
the token.

The years went by, and some were bright and some  
were clouded over,

But ever stood he at her side, — he was no fair-day  
lover.

JAMES BERRY BENSEL.

*SWEET AFTER SHOWERS.*

SWEET after showers, ambrosial air,  
That rollest from the gorgeous gloom  
Of evening over brake and bloom  
And meadow, slowly breathing bare

The round of space, and rapt below  
Through all the dewy-tasseled wood,  
And shadowing down the hornèd flood  
In ripples, fan my brows and blow

The fever from my cheek, and sigh  
The full new life that feeds thy breath  
Throughout my frame, till Doubt and Death,  
Ill brethren, let the fancy fly

From belt to belt of crimson seas  
On leagues of odor streaming far,  
To where in yonder orient star  
A hundred spirits whisper "Peace."

ALFRED TENNYSON.  
*In Memoriam.*

### JULY.

TO-DAY, beside the everlasting sea,  
Whose waves are creeping up the level sand  
And gently breaking on the pebbled strand,  
How great a bliss existence seems to be!  
There is no cloud in all the sky above;  
The deep blue sea, with white sails overspread,  
Reflects the glowing sunlight overhead,  
As if responding to its smiles of love.  
All things are bright and beautiful around,  
And happy children, in their joyous play,  
Are adding music to this glorious day,  
Their sunny hair with wreaths of wild flowers  
crowned.

The earth, the sea, the sky, with grateful voice  
Are praising God and bidding man rejoice.

MRS. JENNETTE [GRIFFITHS] FOTHERGILL.



## SUMMER RAIN.

THICK lay the dust, uncomfortably white  
In glaring mimicry of Arab sands.  
The woods and mountains slept in hazy light;  
The meadows looked athirst and tawny tanned;  
The little rills had left their channels bare,  
With scarce a pool to witness what they were;  
And the shrunk river gleamed mid oozy stones,  
That stared like any famished giant's bones.

Sudden the hills grew black, and hot as stove  
The air beneath; it was a toil to be.  
There was a growling as of angry Jove,  
Provoked by Juno's prying jealousy:  
A flash — a crash — the firmament was split,  
And down it came in drops, — the smallest fit  
To drown a bee in foxglove bell concealed;  
Joy filled the brook and comfort cheered the field.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

## RIVER LILIES.

SAW a boy three lilies white,  
Lilies in the river,  
Half heart-open to the light,  
Full of golden arrows bright,  
Each a silver quiver.  
Lilies, lilies, lilies white,  
Lilies in the river.

Said the boy, "I'll pluck you there,  
Lilies in the river!"

Said the lilies, "if you dare  
You shall drown, or homeward fare  
Dripping and a-shiver!"  
Lilies, lilies, lilies white,  
Lilies in the river.

Wilful still the boy would clasp  
Lilies in the river;  
Tumbled in ere he could grasp,  
Scrambled out with puff and gasp,  
Plucked no lilies ever.  
Lilies, lilies, lilies white,  
Lilies in the river.

FRANCIS WILLIAM BOURDILLON.

### MIDSUMMER.

O PHŒBUS! down the western sky  
Far hence diffuse thy burning ray,  
Thy light to distant worlds supply,  
And wake them to the cares of day.  
Come, gentle eve, the friend of care,  
Come, Cynthia, lovely queen of night!  
Refresh me with a cooling air,  
And cheer me with a lambent light.

. . . . .

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

*IN SUMMER NIGHT.*

By night we lingered on the lawn,  
For underfoot the herb was dry;  
And genial warmth; and o'er the sky  
The silvery haze of summer drawn;

And calm that let the tapers burn  
Unwavering: not a cricket chirred:  
The brook alone far off was heard,  
And on the board the fluttering urn:

And bats went round in fragrant skies,  
And wheeled or lit the filmy shapes  
That haunt the dusk, with ermine capes  
And woolly breasts and beaded eyes;

While now we sang old songs that pealed  
From knoll to knoll, where, couched at ease,  
The white kine glimmered, and the trees  
Laid their dark arms about the field.

. . . . .  
. . . Now the doubtful dusk revealed  
The knoll once more where, couched at ease,  
The white kine glimmered, and the trees  
Laid their dark arms about the field:

And, sucked from out the distant gloom,  
A breeze began to tremble o'er  
The large leaves of the sycamore,  
And fluctuate all the still perfume,

And gathering freshlier overhead,  
    Rocked the full-foliaged elms, and swung  
    The heavy-folded rose, and flung  
The lilies to and fro, and said,

“The dawn, the dawn,” and died away;  
    And East and West, without a breath,  
    Mixt their dim lights, like life and death,  
To broaden into boundless day.

ALFRED TENNYSON.  
*In Memoriam.*

MIDSUMMER.

A POWER is on the earth and in the air  
    From which the vital spirit shrinks afraid,  
    And shelters him, in nooks of deepest shade,  
From the hot steam and from the fiery glare.  
Look forth upon the earth, — her thousand plants  
    Are smitten; even the dark, sun-loving maize  
    Faints in the field beneath the torrid blaze;  
The herd beside the shaded fountain pants;  
For life is driven from all the landscape brown;  
    The bird has sought his tree, the snake his den,  
    The trout floats dead in the hot stream, and men  
Drop by the sunstroke in the populous town,  
    As if the Day of Fire had dawned, and sent  
    Its deadly breath into the firmament.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A SONG OF THE SUMMER WIND.

BALMILY, balmily, summer wind,  
Sigh through the mountain passes;  
Over the sleep of the beautiful deep,  
Over the woods' green masses,  
Ripple the grain of valley and plain,  
And the reeds and the river grasses.

How many songs, O summer wind,  
How many songs you know  
Of fair, sweet things in your wanderings,  
As over the earth you go,  
To the norland bare and bleak, from where  
The red south roses blow.

Where the red south blossoms blow, O wind,  
*(Sing low to me, low and stilly!)*  
And the golden green of the citrons lean  
To the white of the saintly lily;  
Where the sun rays drowse in the orange boughs,  
*(Sing, sing, for the heart grows chilly!)*  
And the belted bee hangs heavily  
In rose and daffodilly.

I know a song, O summer wind,  
A song of a willow tree:  
Soft as the sweep of its fringes deep  
In languorous swoons of tropic noons,  
But sad as sad can be!

Yet I would you might sing it, summer wind,  
I would you might sing it me.

(O tremulous, musical murmur of leaves !  
O mystical melancholy  
Of waves, that call from the far sea wall !  
Shall I render your meaning wholly,  
Ere the day shall wane to the night again,  
And the stars come, slowly, slowly ?)

I would you might sing me, summer wind,  
A song of a little chamber :  
Sing soft, sing low, how the roses grow,  
And the starry jasmines clamber ;  
Through the emerald rifts how the moonlight drifts,  
And the sunlight's mellow amber.

Sing of a hand in the fluttering leaves,  
Like a wee white bird in its nest :  
Of a white hand twined in the leaves to find  
A bloom for the fair young breast ;  
Sing of my love, my little love,  
My snow-white dove in her nest,  
As she looks through the fragrant jasmine leaves  
Into the wasting west.

Tenderly, tenderly, summer wind,  
With murmurous word-caresses,  
O wind of the south, to her beautiful mouth  
Did you cling with your balmy kisses ?

Flutter and float o'er the white, white throat,  
And ripple the golden tresses?

"*The long year groweth from green to gold,*"

Saith the song of the willow tree :

"*My tresses cover, my roots enfold,*"

O, summer wind, sing it me !

Lorn and dreary, sad and weary,

As lovers that parted be,

But sweet as the grace of a fair young face

I never again may see !

INA DONNA COOLBRITH.

## SONG.

If May forgets not April's flowers,

June will :

Even hearts as passionate as ours

Grow still.

July forgets what birds and flowers

June had :

Even hearts whose joy is deep as ours

Grow sad.

The pale leaves hear not what the flowers

Heard told :

Even hearts as passionate as ours

Grow cold.

PAKENHAM THOMAS BEATTY.

## THE BLACKBIRD.

O BLACKBIRD ! sing me something well :  
While all the neighbors shoot thee round,  
I keep smooth plats of fruitful ground,  
Where thou may'st warble, eat and dwell.

The espaliers and the standards all  
Are thine ; the range of lawn and park :  
The unnetted black-hearts ripen dark,  
All thine, against the garden wall.

Yet, though I spared thee all the spring,  
Thy sole delight is, sitting still,  
With that gold dagger of thy bill  
To fret the summer jenneting.

A golden bill ! the silver tongue,  
Cold February loved, is dry :  
Plenty corrupts the melody  
That made thee famous once, when young :

And in the sultry garden-squares,  
Now thy flute-notes are changed to coarse,  
I hear thee not at all, or hoarse  
As when a hawk hawked his wares.

Take warning ! he that will not sing  
While yon sun prospers in the blue,  
Shall sing for want, ere leaves are new,  
Caught in the frozen palms of Spring.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



## MIDSUMMER.

HERE! sweep these foolish leaves away,  
I will not crush my brains to-day!  
Look! are the southern curtains drawn?  
Fetch me a fan, and so begone!

Not that, — the palm tree's rustling leaf  
Brought from a parching coral reef!  
Its breath is heated; — I would swing  
The broad grey plumes, — the eagle's wing.

I hate these roses' feverish blood!  
Pluck me a half-blown lilybud,  
A long-stemmed lily from the lake,  
Cold as a coiling water-snake.

Rain me sweet odors on the air,  
And wheel me up my Indian chair,  
And spread some book not otherwise  
Flat out before my sleepy eyes.

Who knows it not, this dead recoil  
Of weary fibres stretched with toil,  
The pulse that flutters faint and low  
When summer's seething breezes blow!

O Nature! bare thy loving breast,  
And give thy child one hour of rest,  
One little hour to lie unseen  
Beneath thy scarf of leafy green!

So, curtained by a singing pine,  
 Its murmuring voice shall blend with mine,  
 Till, lost in dreams, my faltering lay  
 In sweeter music dies away.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

*ZUMMER EVEMEN DĀNCE.*

COME out to the parrick, come out to the tree,  
 The maïdens an' chaps be a waitèn var thee;  
 Ther's Jim wi' his fiddle to pleäy us some reels;  
 Come out along wi' us, and fling up thy heels.

Come, all the long grass is a-mow'd and a carr'd,  
 An' the turf is so smooth as a buoard an' so hard;  
 Ther's a bank to zit down, when ya've dānced a  
     dānce droo,  
 An' a tree auver head var to keep off the dew.

There be ruoses an' honeyzucks hangen among  
 The bushes, to put in thy waïst; an' the zong  
 Of the nightingale's heärd in the hedges all roun';  
 An' I'll get thee a glowworm to stick in thy gown.

Zoo come to the parrick, come out to the tree,  
 The maïdens an' chaps be a-waitèn var thee;  
 Ther's Jim wi' his fiddle to pleäy us some reels;  
 Come out along wi' us, and fling up thy heels!

. WILLIAM BARNES.

WHO WILL WORSHIP THE GREAT GOD  
PAN.

O who will worship the great god Pan  
Out in the woods with me,  
Now the chestnut spreadeth its seven-leaved fan  
Over the hive of the bee?  
Now the cushat cries, and the fallow deer  
Creep on the woodland way,  
O who will hearken, and try to hear  
The voice of the god to-day?

ROBERT WILLIAMS BUCHANAN.  
*The Earthquake (Pan at Hampton Court).*

## HAZE.

Woof of the fen, ethereal gauze,  
Woven of Nature's richest stuffs,  
Visible heat, air-water, and dry sea,  
Last conquest of the eye;  
Toil of the day displayed, sun-dust,  
Aerial surf upon the shores of earth,  
Ethereal estuary, frith of light,  
Breakers of air, billows of heat,  
Fine summer spray on inland seas;  
Bird of the sun, transparent-winged,  
Owlet of noon, soft-pinioned,  
From heath or stubble rising without song, —  
Establish thy serenity o'er the fields.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

O SWEET WILD ROSES THAT BUD AND  
BLOW.

O SWEET wild roses that bud and blow  
Along the way that my Love may go,  
O moss-green rocks that touch her dress,  
And grass that her dear feet may press ;

O maple tree whose brooding shade  
For her a summer tent has made ;  
O goldenrod and brave sunflower  
That flame before my maiden's bower ;

O butterfly on whose light wings  
The golden summer sunshine clings ;  
O birds that flit o'er wheat and wall,  
And from cool hollows pipe and call ;

O falling water whose distant roar  
Sounds like the waves upon the shore ;  
O winds that down the valley sweep,  
And lightnings from the clouds that leap ;

O skies that bend above the hills,  
O gentle rains and babbling rills,  
O moon and sun that beam and burn, —  
Keep safe my Love till I return !

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.  
*The New Day.*

## IN JULY.

WHY do I make no poems? Good my friend  
Now is there silence through the summer woods,  
In whose green depths and lawny solitudes  
The light is dreaming ; voicings clear ascend  
Now from no hollow where glad rivulets wend,  
But murmurings low of inarticulate moods,  
Softer than stir of unfledged cushat broods,  
Breathe, till o'erdrowsed the heavy flower-heads  
bend.

Now sleep the crystal and heart-charmèd waves  
Round white, sunstricken rocks the noontide long,  
Or mid the coolness of dim lighted caves  
Sway in a trance of vague deliciousness ;  
And, — I am too deep in joy's excess  
For the imperfect impulse of a song.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

## MIDSUMMER.

O to lie in the ripening grass  
That gracefully bends to the winds that pass,  
And to look aloft the oakleaves through  
Into the sky so deep, so blue !

O to feel as utterly free  
As the ricebird singing above on the tree,  
Or the locusts piping their drowsy whirr,  
Or the down that sails from the thistleburr !

O to float like the cloudy drifts,  
Changing hue as the sunlight shifts,  
Or hastening gaily into the west  
To follow the blushing sun to rest !

O for the secret of Nature's power  
To drain the joy of the present hour !  
O to work and glow in the sun !  
O to sleep when the day is done !

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

SONG.

AIRS of summer that softly blow,  
Sing your whispering songs to me,  
Over the grass like a shadow go,  
Flutter your wings in the rustling tree.

Curl the wave on the sunny sand,  
Rock the bee in its rose asleep,  
Scatter odors from strand to strand,  
Over ocean in laughter sweep.

Kiss the snows on the mountain height,  
Vex the river that leaps beneath,  
Sing in the fir-trees your sweet goodnight,  
And cease like a baby's slumbering breath.

MRS. ROSE [TERRY] COOKE.

## MIDSUMMER.

MIDWAY about the circle of the year  
 There is a single perfect day that lies  
 Supremely fair, before our careless eyes.  
 After the spathes of floral bloom appear,  
 Before is found the first dead leaf and sere,  
 It comes, precursor of the autumn skies,  
 And crown of spring's endeavor. Till it dies  
 We do not dream the flawless day is here.  
 And thus, as on the way of life we speed,  
 Mindful but of the joys we hope to see,  
 We never think, "These present hours exceed  
 All that have been or that shall ever be;"  
 Yet somewhere on our journey we shall stay  
 Backward to gaze on our midsummer day.

ANDREW BICE SAXTON.

*In the Century Magazine.*

## THE CLOTE.

(WATER LILY.)

O ZUMMER clote ! when the brook's a-gliden  
 So slow an' smooth down his zedgy bed,  
 Upon thy broad leaves so seäfe a-ridèn  
 The water's top wi' thy yollow head,  
     Bÿ alder's heads, O,  
     An' bulrush beds, O,  
 Thou then dost float, goolden zummer clote !

The grey-boughed withy's a-leänèn lowly  
Above the water thy leaves do hide ;  
The bendèn bulrush, a-swayèn slowly,  
Do skirt in zummer thy river's zide ;  
An' perch in shoals, O,  
Do vill the holes, O,  
Where thou dost float, goolden zummer clote !

O, when thy brook-drinkèn flower's a-blowèn,  
The burnèn zummer's a-zettèn in ;  
The time o' greenness, the time o' mowèn,  
When in the haÿ-vield, wi' zunburnt skin,  
The volk do drink, O,  
Upon the brink, O,  
Where thou dost float, goolden zummer clote !

Wi' eärms a-spreadèn, and cheäks a-blowèn,  
How proud wer I when I vu'st could zwim  
Athirt the pleäce where thou bist a-growèn,  
Wi' thy long more vrom the bottom dim ;  
While cows, knee-high, O,  
In brook, wer nigh, O,  
Where thou dost float, goolden zummer clote !

Ov all the brooks drough the meäds a-windèn,  
Ov all the meäds by a river's brim,  
There's nwone so fcäir o' my own heart's vindèn,  
As where the maïdens do zee thee zwim,  
An' stan' to teäke, O,  
Wi' long-stemmed reäke, O,  
Thy flower afloat, goolden zummer clote !

WILLIAM BARNES.



## THE GRASSHOPPER.

Voice of the summer wind,  
Joy of the summer plain,  
Life of the summer hours,  
Carol clearly, bound along.  
No Tithon thou as poets feign  
(Shame fall 'em they are deaf and blind),  
But an insect lithe and strong,  
Bowing the seeded summer flowers.  
Prove their falsehood and thy quarrel,  
    Vaulting on thine airy feet.  
Clap thy shielded sides and carol,  
    Carol clearly, chirrup sweet.  
Thou art a mailèd warrior in youth and strength  
    complete ;  
        Armed cap-a-pie  
        Full fair to see ;  
        Unknowing fear,  
        Undreading loss,  
        A gallant cavalier,  
        *Sans peur et sans reproche,*  
        In sunlight and in shadow,  
        The Bayard of the meadow.

I would dwell with thee,  
    Merry grasshopper,  
Thou art so glad and free,  
    And as light as air ;  
Thou hast no sorrow or tears,  
Thou hast no compt of years,

No withered immortality,  
But a short youth sunny and free.  
Carol clearly, bound along,  
    Soon thy joy is over,  
A summer of loud song,  
    And slumbers in the clover.  
What hast thou to do with evil  
In thine hour of love and revel,  
    In thy heat of summer pride,  
    Pushing the thick roots aside  
Of the singing flowered grasses,  
That brush thee with their silken tresses?  
What hast thou to do with evil,  
Shooting, singing, ever springing  
    In and out the emerald glooms,  
Ever leaping, ever singing,  
    Lighting on the golden blooms?

ALFRED TENNYSON.

*SUMMER RAIN.*

YESTERMORN the air was dry  
As the winds of Araby,  
While the sun with pitiless heat,  
Glared upon the glaring street,  
And the meadow fountains sealed,  
    'Till the people everywhere,  
And the cattle in the field,

And the birds in middle air,  
And the thirsty little flowers,  
Sent to heaven a fainting prayer  
For the blessed summer showers.

Not in vain the prayer was said ;  
For at sunset, overhead,  
Sailing from the gorgeous west,  
Came the pioneers, abreast,  
Of a wondrous argosy,  
The Armada of the sky !  
Far along I saw them sail,  
Wafted by an upper gale ;  
Saw them, on their lustrous route,  
Fling a thousand banners out :  
Yellow, violet, crimson, blue,  
Orange, sapphire, — every hue  
That the gates of Heaven put on,  
To the sainted eyes of John,  
In that hallowed Patmos isle  
Their skiey pennons wore ; and while  
I drank the glory of the sight  
Sunset faded into night.

Then diverging, far and wide,  
To the dim horizon's side,  
Silently and swiftly there,  
Every galleon of the air,  
Manned by some celestial crew,  
Out its precious cargo threw,

And the gentle summer rain  
Cooled the fevered earth again.

Through the night I heard it fall  
Tenderly and musical ;  
And this morning not a sigh  
Of wind uplifts the briony leaves,  
But the ashen-tinted sky  
Still for earthly turmoil grieves,  
While the melody of the rain,  
Dripping on the window-pane,  
On the lilac and the rose,  
Round us all its pleasance throws.

. . . . .  
EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

*SWEET GREEN LEAVES.*

TAKE me to the hillside, take me to the rillside,  
Where the scarlet pimpernel and starry daisies  
grow,  
Where the woodbine wreathing, greets the zephyr's  
breathing,  
Where the foam-pearls dance upon the ripples as  
they flow.  
Take me to the valleys where thick shady alleys  
Will lead me to red clover-fields and plains of  
yellow sheaves,

And I'll sing to bees and flowers, I'll tell the wood-  
land bowers

That the heart brings back its old love to the  
sweet, green leaves.

Take me where the birds fly, take me where the  
herds lie

Where the ringdove nestles, and the browsing  
heifer lows,

Where the brake will hide me from the fawn beside  
me,

Where the pebbly runnel kisses wild moss, reed,  
and rose.

Take me where the sunlight only sheds a dun light,  
Where the arm of lady birch with oak and alder  
weaves,

And their branches bent with glory shall tell the  
same old story,

That bird and poet sing the best mid sweet, green  
leaves.

ELIZA COOK.

*THE GRASSHOPPER.*

O THOU, that swing'st upon the waving ear  
Of some well-fillèd oaten beard,

Drunk every night with a delicious tear

Dropped thee from heaven, where now thou'rt  
reared;

The joys of air and earth are thine entire,  
 That with thy feet and wings dost hop and fly;  
 And when thy poppy works, thou dost retire  
 To thy carved acorn-bed to lie.

Up with the day, the sun thou welcom'st then;  
 Sport'st in the gilt plats of his beams,  
 And all these merry days mak'st merry men,  
 Thyself, and melancholy streams.

. . . . .

RICHARD LOVELACE.

*MIDSUMMER.*

How sweet to listen to the dove  
 When all the rest forget to sing,  
 And watch the swallows wantoning,  
 And butterflies, the gold whereof  
 Comes sinking through the skies above  
 Like feathers from an angel's wing.  
 What comfort in the proof they bring  
 Of perfect wisdom, perfect love.  
 Why is it when the heart is stirred  
 To praise of Him who rules on high,  
 Of Him who made our earth and sky  
 From nothing with a single word,  
 Why is it that the little bird  
 Will eat the butterfly?

LOUIS BELROSE.

*SUMMER.*

WINTER is cold-hearted,  
Spring is yea and nay,  
Autumn is a weathercock  
Blown every way :  
Summer days for me  
When every leaf is on its tree ;

When Robin's not a beggar,  
And Jenny Wren's a bride,  
And larks hang singing, singing, singing,  
Over the wheat fields wide,  
And anchored lilies ride,  
And the pendulum spider  
Swings from side to side,

And blue-black beetles transact business,  
And gnats fly in a host,  
And furry caterpillars hasten  
That no time be lost,  
And moths grow fat and thrive,  
And lady birds arrive.

Before green apples blush,  
Before green nuts embrown,  
Why, one day in the country  
Is worth a month in town.

. . . . .

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

## SWEET SUMMERTIME.

SWEET is the swallow twittering on the eaves  
At daybreak, when the mower whets his scythe,  
And stockdoves murmur, and the milkmaid leaves  
Her little lonely bed, and carols blithe  
To see the heavy-lowing cattle wait  
Stretching their huge and dripping mouths across  
the farmyard gate.

And sweet the hops upon the Kentish leas,  
And sweet the wind that lifts the new-mown hay,  
And sweet the fretful swarms of grumbling bees  
That round and round the linden blossoms play ;  
And sweet the heifer breathing in the stall,  
And the green bursting figs that hang upon the red-  
brick wall.

OSCAR WILDE.  
*The Burden of Itys.*

## TO MIDSUMMER DAY.

CROWN of the year, how bright thou shinest !  
How little, in thy pride, divinest  
Inevitable fall ! albeit  
We who stand round about foresee it.  
Shine on ; shine bravely. There are near  
Other bright children of the year,  
Almost as high, and much like thee  
In features and in festive glee :



Some happy to call forth the mower,  
And hear his sharpened scythe sweep o'er  
Rank after rank : then others wait  
Before the grange's open gate,  
And watch the nodding wain, or watch  
The fretted domes beneath the thatch,  
Till young and old at once take wing  
And promise to return in spring.  
Yet I am sorry, I must own,  
Crown of the year ! when thou art gone.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

*TOO SOON.*

Too soon, too soon !  
For but last month was lusty June  
With life a swinging flood of tide ;  
Nor seems it long since May went by  
With love and hope at either side ;  
And now 'tis only late July,  
And yet, alas, methinks I hear,

Too soon, too soon,  
Death whisper in the fading trees ;  
And when the sun's red light is gone,  
And night unfolds her mysteries,  
With failing heart almost I fear  
In garden plots remote and lone  
To find the dreadful Shadow near, —

Too soon, too soon !

GEORGE MILNER.

## AT EVENING.

UPON the hills the sunset glories lie,  
The amaranth, the crimson and the gold.  
Beside the sinuous brook that ripples by,  
The dark, damp ferns their feathery grace unfold.

The little yellow blossom of the field,  
That shone a jewel in the splendid day,  
Holds one small dewdrop in its bosom sealed,  
And by to-morrow will have passed away.

The village windows gleam with gorgeous light,  
And in the east a purple cloud hangs low,  
A few brown birds sing out their hymn to night  
On shadowy boughs, — then spread their wings  
and go.

Along the road the men that sow and reap  
With heavy footsteps stir the whitened dust,  
And up the sky — illimitable steep —  
The moon climbs slowly to her sacred trust.

Oh, grand, strange trust ! to be a light to those  
Who lie all night impatient for the morn,  
When the fresh fragrance rises from the rose,  
And the sweet dew begems the sharpest thorn.

The stars, those sleepless eyes, peer through the  
chinks  
That pierce the shrouding darkness of night's  
walls.

Each thirsty flower its draught of dampness drinks,  
And here and there a perfumed petal falls.

Then from the east a salty breath comes up  
To cool the heated bosom of the world,  
It lays its lip upon the lily's cup,  
Whose white, soft edge its kiss leaves all em-  
pearled.

And upward to the splendor of the stars  
The fragrant moisture rises like a veil.  
Night shuts its gate and drops the heavy bars,  
And somewhere morning waits, supreme and pale.  
JAMES BERRY BENSEL.

*LOVE IN A MIST.*

LIGHT love in a mist, by the midsummer moon mis-  
guided,  
Scarce to be seen in the twilight garden if gloom  
insist,  
Seems vainly to seek for a star whose gleam has  
derided

Light love in a mist.

All day in the sun, when the breezes do all they list,  
His soft blue raiment of cloudlike blossom abided  
Unrent and unwithered of winds and of rays that  
kissed.

Blithe-hearted or sad, as the cloud or the sun sub-  
sided,  
Love smiled in the flower with a meaning whereof  
none wist  
Save two that beheld, as a gleam that before them  
glided,

Light love in a mist.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.  
*Flower-Pieces.*

MIDSUMMER.

It is midsummer, the sweet midsummer :  
Poor daffodil blossom, what's that to thee ?  
Thou hast no part in its golden glow,  
Thy time of blooming was long ago ;  
Thou hast no share in its silver dew,  
It will not wake to life anew.  
What sadder fate can the autumn bring  
Than summer does to a flower of spring ?

It is midsummer, my life's midsummer :  
My sorrowing heart, what's that to thee ?  
Its joys are things that I cannot share,  
'Tis not for me that its days are fair ;  
For Love for me was an April flower,  
Whose beauty went with the passing hour.  
What sadder fate can the autumn bring  
Than summer does to a flower of spring ?

MRS. ANNIE DOUGLAS [GREEN] ROBINSON.

*A SUMMER AFTERNOON.*

ALL through the afternoon the dreamy day  
Swam listless o'er the earth, and far away  
The lazy clouds went loitering round the sky,  
Or sat far up and dozed on mountains high;  
The green trees drooped, the panting cattle lay  
In the warm shade and fought the flies away.  
Along the world's far rim and down the sky,  
Cloud panoramas loomed and glided by;  
Rocks, icebergs, mountains, capped with luminous  
    snow,  
And hundred-towered cities moving slow!  
And then, with banners round the west unfurled,  
The great red sun went down behind the world.

ABRAHAM PERRY MILLER.

*Consolation.*

*WHAT IS IT HAUNTS THE SUMMER AIR.*

WHAT is it haunts the summer air?  
A sense of something lately passed away;  
    Something pleasant, something fair,  
That was with us yesterday,  
    And is no longer there.  
Now from the pasture comes no baby bleat,  
Nor the frisk of frolic feet  
    There is seen.  
Blossom and bloom have spread their wings, and  
    flown,

And the bosks and orchards green  
 The rosy flush of childhood have outgrown.  
 Lapwing and linnet have fledged their brood ;  
     Mavis and merle have gotten their desire ;  
     The nightingale begins to tire ;  
 Even the cuckoo's note hath fitful grown ;  
 And in the closing leafage of the wood  
     The ringdove now is left to coo alone.

. . . . .

ALFRED AUSTIN.

*Hymn to Death.*

### MIDSUMMER PASSES.

With faltering step the sweet midsummer paused  
 Upon the last stair of the worn July.  
 Behind her blushed the roses and before  
 The scarlet poppies shimmered in the corn.  
 From far-off woods a heated breath came past,  
 Blown from dark cedars and tall groves of pine,  
 Yet all its sweetness could not seem to soothe  
 The bitterness of fair midsummer's pain  
 Who felt her sceptre slipping from her grasp,  
 And saw one coming with his heated brows  
 Girt round with wheat-straws ; bold young August  
     brown.

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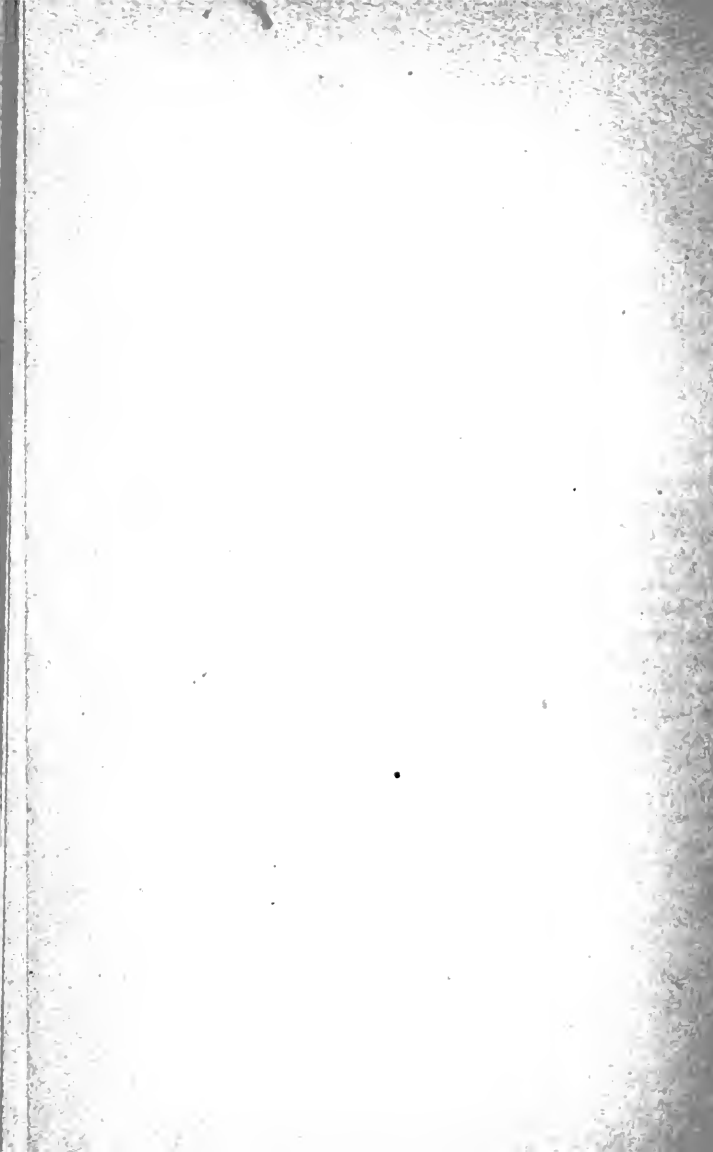
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